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GERMANY AND THE COLONIES.

BY HAROLD NICOLSON.

THIS article is written on November 15, 1937, on the eve, that is, of Lord Halifax's projected mission to Berlin.

It may well be that by the time it is published conversations between Herr Hitler and the Lord President will either have diminished or increased our anxiety. Yet the fact that such a visit has been publicly announced is liable to mark, for good or for ill, a fresh phase in Anglo-German relations. It may thus be useful, before this new phase sets in, to record the varying opinions held in this country, upon November 15, 1937, regarding Anglo-German relations in general, and in particular regarding Germany's colonial claims. It would be interesting and instructive did we possess a similar diagnosis written on July 20, 1914.

During the last year I have devoted much time to addressing audiences throughout the country upon this very topic. I have invited questions and I have provoked discussions. I have attended Working Men's Clubs, Conservative and Liberal Summer Schools, Undergraduate Debating Societies, Women's Institutes, League of Nations' rallies, Workers Educational Association meetings, Chatham House Study Groups, mass meetings in my own division, gatherings at Bonar Law College, and informal discussions with senior officers of the fighting services.

It may be of some slight utility if I record and summarize the impressions which I have derived from these various contacts.

In the first place I should say that through all the diversity of thought and feeling, through all the gradations of knowledge and ignorance, cutting across all sectional divisions of class and party dogma, runs a tenuous thread of unanimity. This general common factor is a profound dread of war; a recognition that Germany constitutes the centre of the whole international

problem ; and a desire to reach some agreement with Germany which shall be both comprehensive and lasting.

I should go further. I should say that, in spite of a general dislike and suspicion of the present Nazi system, a substantial majority of the men and women of this country are inspired by feelings of real friendship for the German people and by a belief that these feelings are reciprocated; that they believe the German demand for colonies to be sincere and not unjustified; and that they are convinced the British Government should be able, by some colonial concessions, to satisfy German grievances and ambitions and to attain to some agreement which would guarantee peace at least for a generation.

Such, I take it, is the majority opinion in this country. Is that opinion sufficiently profound and sufficiently enlightened to prove either lasting or effective ? That is the question which I wish to examine.

There are those who contend that the pro-German feeling in this country, in that it is based upon emotions rather than upon thoughts, is too superficial to withstand the ordeals of reality. Such people argue that our emotional sympathy with Germany is little more than a deliberate form of belief, or even a wish-fulfilment, and that it will dissolve so soon as the British public realize the sacrifices which will be entailed. The upholders of this theory contend that the British public are frightened of Germany and dislike the necessities of self-defence, that in order to escape from this painful necessity, as from all associations with it, they deliberately sublimate their anxieties into a theory that Germany is not only friendly but in the right. And that this characteristic habit of euphemia is too volatile a substance to constitute any national will for conciliation. It is little more, such people argue, than an evanescent hope.

There is some truth in this contention. I admit that subconscious anxiety is the main motive and the main element in this pro-German feeling. But it is not the only motive or the sole element. There exists in this country a perfectly sincere feeling of friendship for Germany which is wholly unconnected with any anxiety-complex. There exists a strong (although mistaken) belief in our racial and temperamental affinity with the Teutonic peoples. And there exists something

which is more than a hope and almost a conviction, that England and Germany, if united, could preserve the peace of the world.

I consider that these elements in the majority opinion of this country are neither transitory nor superficial. Provided that Germany behaves with tact and moderation, they might prove sufficiently effective to serve as a basis, in so far as we are concerned, for a far-reaching agreement. Yet they are founded, in my opinion, upon two assumptions, which, if not actually incorrect, are at least highly questionable.

The first assumption is that it would be quite easy for us to hand over to Germany her former colonies. The second assumption is that such transference would at once fill Germany with warm-hearted gratitude and render the German people blissfully and durably content. I question each of these assumptions.

In the first place it would not be at all easy to return these colonies. They do not, either legally or practically, belong to us. From the legal point of view it is a much-vexed question in whom sovereignty or ownership is actually vested. Are we trustees only and, if so, on whose behalf are we trustees? Do these colonies "belong" to us, or to the League of Nations, or to the Principal Allied and Associated Powers, or to the natives themselves? In which of these various persons is ownership vested? This is no mere juridical problem but one of practical politics. Thus, were we to transfer these colonies by a stroke of the pen to Germany, we should certainly receive protests from our co-trustees. The League of Nations would object on the ground that such transference violated the mandatory system. The United States would object on the ground that it prejudiced the principle of the open door. France would object on the ground that it enabled Germany to raise black armies and on the ground that any cession of our mandated territory in Togoland would compromise her own position in the Cameroons. The native populations would object on the ground that it sacrificed their independence and their free development. These protests would be no mere quibbling objections; they would be seriously pressed and profoundly felt.

Nor is it merely our legal title to the ex-German colonies which is open to question. The majority of these colonies "belong," not

to us, but to the Dominions and to our former allies. It is difficult to believe that France would surrender her portions of the Cameroons or Togoland, that Belgium would surrender Ruanda-Urundi, or even that Japan would surrender the Marshall Islands. Even more incredible is the supposition that the Union would restore South West Africa, that New Zealand would abandon Western Samoa, or that Australia would sacrifice Nauru and New Guinea.

I question whether public opinion in this country has seriously considered these difficulties. The public imagine vaguely that we "own" vast territories in Africa which can be transferred to Germany as easily as one transfers a Rolls Royce. When reminded that the problem is infinitely more complicated than that, they are apt to agree that we cannot, for our own security, surrender the possessions of others, but that we ought at once to surrender those ex-German colonies which belong to ourselves.

Even admitting that such territories do "belong" to us; even admitting that we could negotiate their surrender without the prior consent of the League, France and the United States; there remains the fact that whereas Togoland and the Cameroons (or at least our share of them) do not amount to very much, the retrocession of Tanganyika Territory would in the opinion of many experts constitute a most dangerous sacrifice.

Apart from the fact that the surrender of Tanganyika Territory would entail the reversal of a native policy which is being pursued with success, the abandonment of this area to Germany would constitute a grave strategical disadvantage. It would interrupt the Cape to Cairo route which, with the development of air lines, has become a very serious consideration. It would provide Germany with a base upon the Indian Ocean. And it would sandwich Kenya Colony between an Italian Abyssinia on the north and a German Tanganyika on the south.

In spite of these dangers and disadvantages, it might well be contended that such surrenders were worth a comprehensive and final agreement with Germany. Were I convinced that at the price of Tanganyika, Togoland, and the Cameroons, we could obtain from Germany such stable assurances of peace and friendship as would enable us to disarm, then assuredly I should be in favour of such surrender. Yet I am not so convinced.

And this brings me to the second assumption in regard to which I consider British public opinion to be both optimistic and incorrect.

The ordinary Englishman today is not an imperialist ; the thought that the flag flies over Uganda leaves him cold. He is all for surrendering these vague, amorphous, equatorial areas if he can purchase thereby immunity from attack on the part of something so definite and so proximate as Hitler's *Reich*. He will admit, if questioned, that we cannot purchase our security at the expense of other countries, as he will admit that we cannot force the Dominions to surrender territory against their will. But he imagines vaguely, hopefully, ignorantly, that His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom "possess" sufficient booty to glut even the most insatiable appetites. In holding this belief he is suffering from a pathetic fallacy.

He believes, for instance, that modern Germany is suffocating from a lack of raw materials, a lack of food and a lack of outlets for her surplus population. He likes to think that these three requirements could be met by some facile concessions on our part and that from that moment onwards the *Wilhelmstrasse* would be wreathed in perpetual smiles. If one assures him that neither the economic, nor the nutrition, nor the population problems of Germany would be solved by any such transference of Mandates, he becomes incredulous and a trifle cross. If pressed to consider whether Tanganyika Territory and a slice of the Cameroons would really satisfy Germany, he mumbles something about "setting an example." He has thus no conception whatsoever of the magnitude of the problem which he desires to see solved.

Nor is this all. The British public have but a superficial understanding of the German character and but little knowledge of German history. They do not begin to comprehend the intricacies of German policy, of German *Gaukelpolitik*.^{*} They assume that because their German friends assure them that "there will never be peace in Europe until the colonial question is settled" that this question is in fact a solvent of all future tension. They forget that we were told the same tale about

* The metaphor is that of the juggler constantly adding to the stock of balls or plates he is throwing in the air.

the Corridor, about the Rhineland, about the Saar. Nor do they rightly estimate the extreme difficulty of inducing Germany to tell us what she really wants.

The reason for this difficulty (and it has been a constant factor in Anglo-German relations from 1871 onwards) is that what the Germans really want is *power*. All other desiderata on their part are merely symbols of that major objective. They desire the colonies, not in order to repair their weaknesses, but in order to demonstrate their strength. Were the colonies desired as ends in themselves, then assuredly some agreement could be arrived at. But since they are desired mainly as means to other ends, as symbols of a wider purpose, a comprehensive adjustment becomes almost impossible. It is this which has always constituted, and will always constitute, the essential problem of Anglo-German relations.

I do not myself believe that Herr Hitler's major objective is the return of the former German colonies. I believe him to be governed in his policy by the old slogans of the *Drang nach Osten*, by his own catchwords about *Blut und Boden*. I believe, in other words, that what he still desires is to extend the might of Germany to the south east and to strike in the direction of Odessa or the Aegean. He is well aware that in order to execute that policy he must obtain the necessary *Rückentdeckung*, the necessary protection in his rear. This means that he must eliminate the danger of French intervention, and that in its turn entails some agreement with England.

But what can Hitler offer to this country? He possesses nothing whatsoever which we can possibly desire. All he can offer is not to rob us of our own possessions. And in order to enhance the value of that offer he has organized this colonial agitation. If we give way to it, then he obtains some colonies. If we refuse to agree, then he can ask a heavy price for the abandonment of his demands. That price would be our "disinterestedness" in South-Eastern Europe. It would be a heavy price to pay. My point is that the German demand for colonies is not an end in itself but a means to other ends. The public in this country have not understood this essential consideration. Even if we were able to surrender the colonies, we should not achieve any durable appeasement. Let us not,

therefore, surrender anything until we know what Germany really wants.

Let us not exaggerate the difficulty. We ourselves are far more powerful than Germany imagines; Germany is far less powerful than we suppose. On the other hand, Germany is infinitely more sensitive than we are and infinitely less good-humoured. We do not mind sacrificing our prestige and even our pride if we can in return obtain a sensible agreement. Germany is unable to sacrifice one inch of her "national honour." We must be very tolerant upon this point.

In the second place we must avoid stressing arguments to prove that Germany's ex-colonies are entirely worthless. I am not impressed myself by statistics based upon pre-war figures of imports, exports and emigration. The Germans are perfectly correct when they contend that the colonies today would mean more to them than they did in 1913. We must not underestimate the psychological effect.

Yet in the third place we must be careful not to over-estimate the importance attached by Germany to colonial possessions. They do not represent a high hand in trumps; they represent only the Knave and Queen of diamonds. They are useful; but they will not prove decisive. It would be a mistake to waste them on the initial tricks. We must realize that Germany will not be in the least "grateful" for any willing concessions on our part; to her "gratitude" implies inferiority; what she wants is to obtain concessions (and she does not mind very much what concessions they are, so long as we hate giving them) the acquisition of which indicates power. We must face the fact that what Germany desires is to prove to the world and to her own people that she is now more "powerful" than her conquerors. It is for this reason that affable concessions will have so little effect. To the German affability implies patronage. What he wishes to inspire is not loving-kindness but fear.

Let me in conclusion return to my initial premise. I believe that a majority of people in this country sincerely desire an agreement with Germany. I contend that, if confined to the colonial sphere, such an agreement would be far more expensive and far less effective than we suppose. Yet I also believe that Germany has no real desire either to attack or to outrage this

country. She well knows that for the moment she does not possess sufficient force. On the other hand she wishes to exploit our present timidity and friendliness in order to increase her power. She would dearly like, for instance, to separate us from France and the United States. Such a reversal of our policy is unthinkable. Yet she is dimly aware that we really do desire her friendship, that we really do admire all that is best in her, that we really are prepared to make sacrifices to ease her position. We are wise and old ; we are very rich and very strong ; let us be both firm and generous. And let us shape our policy in such a manner as will be understood, if not in Germany, then at least at home.

It should be possible to take the German colonial claims at their face value. It should be possible, without repudiating any responsibilities or endangering any vital communications of Empire, to accord to Germany those economic opportunities of which she claims to have been deprived. It should be possible even to give her a place in the sun. Such concessions would not satisfy German opinion but they would satisfy our own opinion. We should then feel ourselves in the right.

But let us insist that any such concessions can be made only as part of a general settlement. Let us be prepared to pay, at our own expense, a heavy price for peace. But let us not pay that price at the expense of other and weaker countries only to find that the sole result is an increase of Germany's resources without any decrease in her dissatisfaction. I foresee that Germany will not render our task an easy one. She will bristle with touchiness and ineptitudes. We must accept that. And let us try to induce Germany to tell us, to tell the world and, above all, to tell her own people, *what she really wants*. Since what she says today is not the whole truth.

THE GOVERNMENT OF AFRICA.

BY W. REES JEFFREYS.

A SECTION of the German people demand loudly the return of the Colonies of which Germany was deprived by the dictated Treaty of Versailles. The demand has of late become more vociferous. Even Germany's Italian friends join in the claim that Germans shall have their place in the African sun. There are people in Great Britain who shout back with increasing emphasis that the return of her previous Colonies to the unrestricted sovereignty of Germany, particularly Tanganyika and South-West Africa, cannot be entertained. This article is an effort to reconcile opposing views and interests and to advance tentatively a constructive proposal.

The proposals I wish to make are confined to Africa. In this Continent are several linked problems which may be solved by setting up a suitable type of Federal Government. They include :—

1. The demands of Germany for the restoration of the Colonies previously held by her.

2. The need of Italy to obtain the acquiescence of the other powers to her forcible occupation of Abyssinia and financial assistance to enable her to exploit it.

3. The request of the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa that the territories in South Africa under British Colonial Government shall now be incorporated in the Union.

4. The need to settle Racial problems connected with the rights, liberties, education and discipline of the White, Black and Coloured on some common continental basis so that Racial problems cease to be a danger.

5. The need for improving and co-ordinating African Transport.

6. The importance of developing Africa with the co-operation of Europe as a whole and preventing it from becoming the scene

of competitive European struggles leading to the arming of the natives and their employment in European quarrels.

The Government of Africa can only be settled by agreement round a table and never finally by the sword.

How shall this attempt to secure agreement to a Federal Constitution take form and shape? There are six European nations administering territories in Africa. They are France, Great Britain, Portugal, Italy, Spain and Belgium. There are in Africa two important independent Governments—the Union of South Africa and Egypt. Germany to-day possesses no territories but is represented by German settlers (who look to Germany for guidance) and important shipping and trading interests.

The following statement shows approximately the area and population, directly or indirectly controlled by the nine Governments :—

Governments exercising authority in AFRICA.	Area sq. miles. (including Mandated Territory)	Total Population (approx.)	White Population (Partly estimated)
AFRICAN GOVERNMENTS :—			
Union of South Africa ..	791,000	9,000,000	2,000,000
Egypt	383,000	14,200,000	*
EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS :—			
Great Britain	3,036,000	50,000,000	100,000
France	3,810,000	34,000,000	1,150,000
Spain	130,000	935,000	*
Italy	1,225,000	10,000,000	*
Portugal	800,000	8,000,000	*
Belgium	918,000	9,500,000	18,000
Germany	—	—	—
Totals	11,093,000	135,635,000	—

* Complete figures not available.

From the above table are omitted :—

- The Islands of Africa, *e.g.* Madagascar, St. Helena, the Canaries as outside the Federal Scheme. A 318
- Liberia (area 43,000 sq. miles, population 1,350,000) which exercises no political influence.
- The area (225 sq. miles and population 60,000) of Tangier, already Internationally controlled.

The claim that Africa will be better developed and its people rendered much happier if these nine Governments work in co-operation than if there is constant competition and intrigue

needs no proof. What conditions are necessary to secure co-operation? What will the nine have to surrender if they meet round a table to work out a Federal Constitution for Africa so that on balance they will all benefit?

Progress is more likely to be made and a solution found by the representatives of these nine Governments alone, meeting in conference, rather than is a committee of the League of Nations or a Committee on which other countries who have no historical interest in Africa are represented. The League of Nations will need to be informed and her agreement obtained to the final deposition of mandated territories, but at the outset is it wise to bring Geneva into the matter?

Which country in these circumstances should take the initiative in convening the round table conference? Should it not be H.M. Government in South Africa with the approval of H.M. Government in the United Kingdom?

The reasons why the Union of South Africa should take the initiative and convene the conference include:—

1. The Union is the most powerful of all governments in Africa, the most solidly based, the richest in natural wealth and with the largest population of European descent.
2. S. Africa is directly interested in the problems that have to be solved. It requires the German acquiescence in its permanent holding of S.W. Africa as part of the Union. It has had to take stiff action to prevent the local German Nazi party making itself an actively troublesome element in the Union. That trouble is always latent so long as German Nazis in South Africa receive encouragement and help from Germany. Prominent South Africans declare that S.W. Africa should remain within the Union. Even Dr. Malan, the Nationalist leader, who is usually credited with more German than British sympathies says

“The policy of South Africa should therefore be to try to obtain co-operation with Germany with a view to a friendly solution under which the future of South West Africa would be vested in the Union.”

This does not go down in Germany. German publicists point out that South Africa has no necessity to “seek space to live” in S.W. Africa or to suffer for loss of the raw material it produces. They argue that South Africa has really done

nothing for S.W. Africa during the twenty years of occupation and conclude that "the economic enchainment of S.W. Africa with the Union is a monstrosity."

3. South Africa wants Swaziland, Basutoland and Bechuana-land now administered from Downing Street included in the Union. Great Britain may have difficulty in transferring her responsibilities in connection with these territories. The position would be much easier under a federalized Africa, with a federal council exercising federal powers on which the Government of Great Britain as well as that of the Union will be directly represented.
4. In the past there has been more sympathy and understanding of the German position by Ministers who constitute H.M. Government in Africa than those who constitute H.M. Government in Great Britain. They have been willing to enter into agreements and arrangements when the British Government was not free to do so. Their representative in Great Britain, Mr. Te Water (who is also in close touch with the League of Nations over whose deliberations he has in the past presided) recently gave publicity in Canada to his sympathy with German colonial aspirations.

If among the representatives of South Africa in such a conference were included Gen. J. B. M. Hertzog, Gen. J. C. Smuts, Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, together with the Governor General, Sir Patrick Duncan, they would constitute a team which, working with the representatives of the British Government, might be able to guide the conference in drafting a federal constitution that would give Germany that direct interest in Africa which she demands to satisfy her self-respect and her need for raw materials with or without any responsibility for territorial administration.

On what lines could a federal constitution be worked out?

It requires agreement between the seven European and the two African powers to the setting up of a supreme Federal Council whose decisions would be final in all matters affecting Africa as a whole and all matters affecting two or more of the territories. The Council would be appointed by the nine Governments referred to. Provision would be made to secure that among the nominees of each Government there would be

included representatives particularly qualified to deal with the affairs affecting the Native races living in the territory.

The authority of the Federal Council so constituted would run throughout Africa in the following and other matters, and the authority now exercised by the seven European Governments would be modified or exercised through the Federal Council.

1. *Armed Forces*.—The armed white forces of the European Powers (over and above those necessary for police duties and to secure internal order) would remain in Africa only at the request of the Federal Council to discharge such duties as the Federal Council should define. The European Governments would surrender their power of enlisting and training native soldiers, which power would be exercised only by and through the Federal Council, who would gradually take over or disband existing native regiments.
2. *Transport*.—The general control of Transport affecting more than one territory would vest in the Federal Council so as to ensure that Roads, Railways, Aeroplane and Shipping services were devised to serve Africa as a whole and not particular sections of it.

(My personal efforts to co-ordinate and develop African Transport have been held up by the lack of any authority able to plan for the Continent as a whole. In particular a scheme for a modern Motor Road from Cape Town to Cairo makes no progress because the territories through which it would pass are too occupied with their own immediate requirements to devote time or money to schemes which are of more continental than local value).

3. *Inter-State Trade*.—Trade and commerce passing between States would also fall within the purview of the Federal Council who would be charged with the duty of removing trade barriers.
4. *Taxation and Finance*.—It is not sufficient to provide that the Federal Council shall depend on grants or contributions made by the various states in the Union. The Federal Council must be in possession of certain revenues directly collected in order that its writ may run and its financial officers exercise jurisdiction in all parts of Africa. Probably the best way would be to make the Federal Council the sole authority for levying import and export duties, as in the U.S.A., Canada and Australia. This would enable it to secure equal opportunities for the subjects of the seven

associated European powers whose goods should be admitted into Africa on equal terms.

These suggestions are sketchy—they are meant to be. The drafting of a constitution is a co-operative effort. Much labour went to the preparation of the American Constitution of 1787 and that constitution has been amended some twenty-one times since in the light of experience.

The British people have had more recent experiences of Constitution-making. There was the British North America Act (1867) which united Canada. There was the Act which enabled the Commonwealth of Australia to be proclaimed in 1901. There was the South Africa Act (1909) which united the four States that now form the Union of South Africa. Last, the product of years of labour, is the Government of India Act (1935) giving India Provincial Autonomy and a Federal Constitution. The writing of a constitution for Africa is therefore a labour which the British people are equipped from experience to encourage and help.

It may be argued that, as it has not been possible to unite the two Rhodesias under one constitution or to bring Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika into one Government, it would be hopeless to expect a larger federation covering the whole of Africa. History does not support this view. The Federal Government of the U.S.A. was formed successfully, but it is a matter for doubt whether at any time in history the States of Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut would have been prepared to unite under a single Government.

Again, New South Wales and Victoria are united in the Commonwealth of Australia, and Quebec and Ontario in the Dominion of Canada. It is impossible to imagine Ontario and Quebec merging into a single Government, although united in a larger federation. The conclusion may be drawn therefore that it will be easier to secure African unity through a large federal scheme than any attempt to reduce the number of territorial governments by merger schemes.

Nor is it necessary to suggest here the seat of Government and the machinery to be set up. Experience gained in Canada and Australia will probably prevent an attempt to build an African Ottawa or Canberra. The Federal Council may take advantage

of the shelter that can be afforded by existing governments and establish Federal Offices in Cape Town, Nairobi, Cairo and Algiers, meeting in turn at these places, except when general convenience and travelling facilities induce it to assemble at Marseilles or Naples.

A Federal Civil Service will be built up for which the citizens of the seven federated powers and the two African powers will be eligible.

What will be secured if the seven European and the two African Governments can be induced to surrender some of their sovereign powers to a Federal Council on which they will be represented?

1. The citizens of the nine Powers will have equal rights and privileges throughout the whole of Africa under Federal regulations, and the rights and privileges of the natives will be determined so as to ensure equal security and opportunity as between one part of Africa and another.
2. The arming and training of the natives for any other purpose than African order and defence will be prevented. They are not to be used in any European war, or at the bidding of one European power to destroy the lives of other native Africans governed by another European Power.
3. An enormous increase in trade may be expected in an Africa in which internal economic barriers have been removed.

As regards Germany the whole of Africa will now be open to her trade. Her citizens will be eligible to enter the services of the Federal Council. If she still desires to be entrusted with the administration of Tanganyika or a new area carved out of West Africa, the objections now urged to such a course will largely disappear when all territorial areas administered by European Powers will be subject to the Federal Council.

Italy may then, under a Federal scheme, be confirmed in her special responsibility to develop Abyssinia or such parts of it as she may finally decide to retain.

Economic nationalism impoverishes the country which seeks it. Both Germany and Italy are nationally poorer to-day than they were even a few years ago. Their standards of living are lower, and the accumulated resources of the countries are less. The way to help the German and Italian people is not to condemn

but to show the better way. When dealing with the Colonial problem in Africa, Britain will have an opportunity to prove to Germany and to Italy that a co-operative federalism will pay better, judged even by the lowest material standard, than territorial extensions ringed by economic barriers maintained by force of arms.

I may be told that my proposals are too idealistic, that at the present time idealism is on the decline and realism at a big premium. But is it not the realistic policies, the policies of legalism and armed power, that have brought the world into the mess that it is in at the present time? The only hope of getting it out is to make determined efforts to *realize* idealism, i.e., conditions of Government based on moral and economic principles. "Where there is no Vision the people perish." General Smuts in his recent Armistice message speaks of a world community functioning in conference and co-operation. With General Smuts' great help why not try to secure conference and co-operation first in Africa where the problems are more defined and there are fewer factors to deal with than in Europe or Asia?

The fact which "realists" always fails to appreciate is that nations achieve more and gain the most when following idealistic aims. This is particularly true in the history of the colonial possessions of England. England has not collectively sought Colonies. The history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries records many British Governments' refusals to accept overseas territories which her more adventurous citizens would have had her take under her care. British Statesmen talked of those "wretched colonies," and the British Parliament again and again opposed extensions of colonial responsibilities. Responsibilities have been forced upon England because, in spite of lapses, she acted on the message which has been given her to deliver to mankind. That message is one of Liberty and Justice. Whenever England has worked to incorporate the ideals of equal justice—the equality of all men, whatever their colour or creed before the law—and fought for the liberty of the individual and freedom of trade, her authority has grown.

Territories and trade have not followed the Flag—they have followed the successful incorporation of these two ideals, Justice and Liberty, under the Flag. It is now open to England to write

these two principles of Justice and Liberty into an African Federal Constitution. She has already done much in that direction, she helped to give freedom to the slave and secure freedom of trade. But the struggle has to be maintained. Against the British ideal of "Equal Justice and Freedom for the Individual and for Trade" there is the opposite ideal of "Racial Exclusiveness" and "Economic Nationalism." Unless the English people fight for their own ideals of justice and freedom for all, they will become in the course of time tainted with the opposite teaching. Some foreign observers think that that taint entered the Ottawa Agreements. They believe that these agreements were inspired, not by the idea of making the British Empire more serviceable to the world but to benefit the British Empire at the expense of the rest of the world. A selfish British Empire will inspire counter-groups, the Berlin—Rome—Tokio triangle, for example. But a British Commonwealth, seeking single-mindedly, in faith and without fear, to establish equal justice and individual freedom will convert Europe to her faith.

COAL MEASURES.

BY IVOR THOMAS.

COAL is once more in the forefront of the parliamentary stage. This is a just tribute to the position it occupies in the national economy. Coal is the only raw material of which we have enough to supply our own needs and a surplus to export.

There are on the Statute Book many Coal Mines Acts, Coal Mines Regulations Acts and Mining Industry Acts, but, so far as I am aware, the Coal Act, 1937, will be the only measure enjoying that title *simpliciter*. This is a recognition of its importance and of the fact that it deals largely with the coal itself, rather than with mining operations.

The clarity of the new Coal Bill is in inverse proportion to its importance. It is a most appalling example of legislation by reference. Some sections cannot be intelligibly studied unless the reader has at his side the Coal Mines Act, 1930 and the Mining Industry Act, 1926. Moreover, some of the most vital provisions are tucked away in schedules instead of being in the body of the Bill. All this is unnecessary, and may well be a bureaucratic device to stifle discussion of a complicated measure. Why cannot we have Acts of Parliament in straightforward English like that of the Tudor enactments? The fact that we don't, however, gives an additional reason to the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY for asking me to write this explanatory article.

The Bill deals with four main subjects, of which two can be briefly dismissed. Part I. of the 1930 Act, which made provision for minimum prices and maximum outputs, and is the basis of the central selling schemes, would have expired at the end of this year. It is to be continued for another five years, and no opposition need be expected. There are few persons, even among the mine-owners themselves, who wish to return to unrestricted competition. The second minor subject is the

procedure for investigating consumers' complaints set up by the Act of 1930. The central selling schemes have put the coal industry in a much stronger bargaining position, and prices are going up. For this reason the committees are to be "strengthened." The buttressing appears chiefly to consist in requiring the chairmen to be lawyers and in constituting a tribunal before which appeals can be heard. I can see no certain result in these changes except delay. The limitation of the chairmanship to lawyers is unfortunate, as the question to be decided by committees is not the interpretation of documents but what is the "public interest" and what is "fair and equitable."

Of the two big matters in the Bill, one is the acquisition by the State, through a body to be called the Coal Commission, of "the property in all unworked coal and mines of coal and in certain associated minerals." Property in all unworked coal is easy enough to understand, but the phrase "mines of coal" may trap the unwary. It does not mean that the State is going to buy out the colliery companies. It refers to the physical mines underground, the "wayleaves" along which coal is transported from the seams laid down by Nature to the surface. It is clearly desirable that the State, in acquiring the country's coal, should acquire the means by which that coal can be brought to the surface. It is also desirable that the State should acquire the minerals, such as fireclay, which are "associated" with the coal and cannot be economically worked in separation.

Private property in coal is the outcome of the legal maxim *quius est solum, eius est usque ad coelum, et deinde usque ad inferos*. This maxim was upheld in 1568 in the case *The Queen v. Northumberland*, when the judges held that coal belonged to the surface landowner, only mines of gold and silver belonging to the Crown. On the basis of this decision has grown up an enormous property in coal, which can best be illustrated by an actual case. I have before me a lease given in 1864 by a Glamorgan landowner to the founders of what is now one of the biggest undertakings in South Wales. The gist is contained in the following extract:—

"THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH that in consideration of the yearly and other rents and sums of money hereinafter reserved and made

payable . . . they the said lessors . . . jointly appoint demise and grant unto the lessees their executors administrators and assigns, ALL and every the veins seams beds and strata of coal iron-ore ironstone blackband and fireclay now or hereafter to be opened or discovered within or under all that farm and lands . . . delineated on the map or plan drawn on the last skin of these presents . . . TO HAVE HOLD USE EXERCISE AND ENJOY the said veins seams beds and strata of coal iron-ore ironstone blackband and fireclay hereby demised . . . from the 31st day of December 1864 for and during the full term of 60 years from thence next ensuing determinable nevertheless as hereinafter provided. YIELDING AND PAYING unto the lessors for or in respect of the said veins seams beds and strata of coal iron-ore ironstone blackband and fireclay hereby demised for every year of the said term the clear yearly sleeping rent of £750, payable by four equal payments on the quarterly days hereinafter mentioned the first payment to fall due on the 31st day of March, 1865 AND ALSO YIELDING AND PAYING during the said term subject to the provisoes hereinafter contained the royalties following (that is to say for or in respect of every 2,520 lb. of coal which shall be gotten or worked by virtue of the demise and powers hereby made and granted and which shall not have passed through a screen the bars whereof shall not be wider apart than one inch and a half . . . the clear royalty of 7d. AND for or in respect of every 2,520 lb. of coal which . . . shall have passed . . . through such a screen . . . the clear royalty of 3d. . . . AND ALSO yielding and paying during the said term . . . for or in respect of every 2,520 lb. of coal or other minerals . . . which shall be brought upon or carried by means of railways tramroads or other means of transit and communication upon through under or over the said lands . . . the wayleave of one penny . . . PROVIDED . . . that the payment of any royalties on coal iron-ore ironstone blackband or fireclay worked in any quarter of any year shall be deemed and taken to satisfy and cancel an equivalent amount of the quarterly payment of sleeping rent."

This extract is typical of all leases of coal. Such leases stipulate the period of the lease, which may run from twenty to ninety-nine years. There is a fixed payment, called a "sleep" or "dead" rent, to be paid irrespective of whether coal is being produced or not, and generally determined by the area of the leased property. There is also the payment called a royalty for each ton of coal produced. But where royalties exceed "sleep" rent, as they usually do when a mine is fully developed the "sleep" rent is to be merged in the royalties and is not to be an additional payment; sleep rent serves the same purpose as an author's advance on royalties. Finally there is a payment called a "wayleave," for every ton of coal conveyed from the seam by underground or surface roads.

This property is now to be acquired by the community. There is a long history behind this decision into which I have no space to enter here, but the interested reader may be referred

to the Northbrook Report in 1893, the third report of the Acquisition and Valuation of Land Committee in 1918, the Sankey Report in 1919, the Samuel Report in 1926, the National Government's election manifesto in 1935, and the Coal (Registration of Ownership) Act 1937. Briefly, the reasons for the decision are the resentment caused by the spectacle of the "unearned increments" of surface landowners caused by the discovery of coal, the hindrance which the necessity of following surface boundaries has proved to the development of mines, and the impetus which could be given to reorganization by the universal power of leasing coal.

The present Bill follows the lines of the Sankey Report in 1919 rather than of the Samuel Report in 1926. All the coal seams are to be acquired, at a total price fixed beforehand. The Government propose, however, to give compensation for underground wayleaves as well as the coal, a measure to which Mr. Justice Sankey (now Lord Sankey) was opposed; and the body in which the acquired property is to be vested is to be called the Coal Commission, as suggested in the Samuel Report.

The total price to be paid for the coal is £66,450,000. In addition, the Coal Commission are empowered to borrow an additional £10,000,000 for the purchase of the associated minerals and to meet initial expenses. Confining ourselves to the coal, I think we must agree that the total purchase price is fair compensation to the present owners and yet represents a good bargain for the State. The price was reached in this way. The Government agreed with the Mineral Owners' Joint Committee that the average net income received annually in the seven years 1928-34 from coal royalties and wayleaves was £4,430,000 (this is the gross income less 5 per cent. for Mineral Rights Duty and 5 per cent. for pithead baths, which sums the Coal Commission will continue to pay). These seven years included good and bad years, and form a fair basis. It was agreed by the Government and mineral owners to settle the total price as so many years' purchase of this net annual income. As the two parties could not agree on the number of years, the question was submitted to an independent tribunal presided over by Sir Wilfrid Greene (now Master of the Rolls).

This tribunal fixed fifteen years' purchase, a total of £66,450,000

as the market value of coal royalties and wayleaves. They must have had before them evidence of recent transfers and valuations for probate, and their decision agrees with other estimates of the market value made by experts. The mine-owner members of the Sankey Commission, for example, gave fifteen years' purchase as the correct figure,* and this appears to have been the basis of a calculation made for the Samuel Commission by the Chief Valuer of the Board of Inland Revenue.†

Of course, the owners would have liked more. At one time they asked for £150,000,000 on the ground apparently that they wanted as much income after investment of their compensation in Government securities as they now receive in royalties. But this neglects the fact that coal is, in the eyes of the financial world, property of doubtful value. The production of coal has so declined on account of the loss of oversea markets, competition by oil and increasing economy in use that the yield from royalties may very well diminish greatly in the future. (It will have been noticed how, on the same basis, the purchase price now is very much less than it would have been in 1926 owing to a decline in the yield). Fifteen years' purchase is a fair assessment in the light of the industry's prospects. How much the owners get in future will depend on how they invest their money. If they put it into gold mining, they may get a bigger income—or lose the lot. If they put it into Consols, they will get a smaller income, but security and a non-wasting asset.

Though the transaction is scrupulously fair to the owners, it should nevertheless leave the Coal Commission with a big annual surplus. The purchase money is to be raised by loan, and as the Treasury may guarantee principal and interest the money ought to be raised at under $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.‡ The Coal Commission will be required by the Treasury to keep a minimum reserve and to make a yearly allocation to reserve. Though it is not possible to say what these will be, 4 per cent. is a prudent allowance for interest and amortization, and this amounts on

* Second Stage Report, p.45.

* Report, p.80-81. The yield of royalties and underground wayleaves was then about £8,000,000 a year, and he estimated a purchase price of £92,000,000 for these and ancillary rights.

‡ It is to be hoped that Parliament will make the Treasury guarantee mandatory instead of permissive; the failure of the Central Electricity Board to apply for Treasury guarantees for its loans has compelled it to pay unduly onerous rates of interest.

£66,450,000 to only £2,658,000 a year. The Coal Commission should continue to receive a net annual income of £4,430,000 (at least for some years), so that even after liberal allowance for administrative expenses the Commission should have an annual surplus of £1,500,000.

Even if $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is allowed for all outgoings—and the treatment of Tithe would suggest a figure of this order—the annual surplus should still be over £1,000,000. Of course, it will not be all available immediately, as the commission must first build up their reserve to provide against contingencies such as a prolonged stoppage of work.

The Bill lays down directions how this money may be spent, and this is presumably how it will be spent. It is to go for the reduction of underground wayleaves, the reduction of royalties which are more onerous than the average royalties in the same district, and the reduction of royalties in any district where they are more onerous than the average royalties paid in other districts. When progress has been made in these directions, the Commission may proceed to a general reduction of royalties.

In my opinion, this is the best use that could be made of the money. It was assumed by the Samuel Commission, and even by the miners' representatives who appeared before them, that the State would simply step into the shoes of the royalty owners, so that the Exchequer would presumably absorb any surplus. Any surplus ought surely be used for the benefit of the mining industry. Complete abolition of royalties and wayleaves at the present time would mean that the Exchequer would have to foot the annual bill for compensation to the former owners.* But, though the case for the complete abolition of royalties is not proven, there is every reason to hold that they have been unduly burdensome to the industry and should be reduced.

The Bill recognizes this. A surplus is to be applied in the first place to the reduction of underground wayleaves, which are generally regarded as a peculiarly evil form of impost. I am not sure that this is anything but the merest prejudice due to the fact that a coal seam is a more tangible form of property

* The Exchequer will probably have to bear a small tax in an indirect way. As the income derived by the former owners from investment of their cash compensation is likely to be less than their present income, there may be a smaller yield in income-tax and surtax.

than a wayleave. Both really stand on the same footing as forms of property. The surplus is next to be applied to the reduction of the more onerous royalties.

There is no theoretical reason why royalties should be uniform, or nearly so. They are only one of many variable factors in the balance of a pit's economy. But it so happens that at the present time there is a close correlation between the prosperity of an undertaking and the height of its royalty burden. The following table shows the relation in 1936 between royalties and credit or debit balances for each of the principal coal-fields, arranged in order of descending royalties :—

	South Wales and Monmouth	Scotland	Durham	Northumberland	Cumberland, N. Wales, S. Staffs, Shropshire, Bristol, Forest of Dean, Somerset and Kent.	Lancashire, Cheshire and N. Staffs.	Yorkshire	North Derbyshire and Notts.	South Derbyshire, Leicestershire Canook Chase and Warwickshire
Royalties per ton disposable commercially (including the rental value of freehold minerals where worked by the proprietor.)	d. 8.63	d. 6.01	d. 5.83	d. 5.78	d. 5.41	d. 5.24	d. 4.61	d. 4.58	d. 3.71
Debits (–) or Credits (+) per ton disposable commercially.	d. – 0.58	s. d. + 1 4.64	d. + 0.89	d. + 6.37	d. + 8.68	s. d. + 1 2.64	s. d. + 1 1.57	s. d. + 1 11.62	s. d. + 1 11.18

In general we may say that the hardest-hit districts are those with the highest royalties—the apparent exception in the case of Scotland is largely due to the great amount of mechanized mining there—and the reduction of the more onerous royalties is therefore a means of giving help to the coal industry where help is most needed.

To whom will this reduction go? It can easily be shown that if royalties were abolished in an era of free competition the minimum royalty (say 2d. a ton) would go in wages, all the remainder would go towards profits, and the price of coal would be unaffected. But the coal industry is not living to-day in an age of free competition. Since 1921 the surplus available after the payment of minimum wages and other costs has been divided between wages and profits in an agreed proportion. In

some cases the reductions now envisaged would go towards meeting subsistence wages or recouping past deficiencies, but in cases where these items are already fully met the reductions would go in the proportion of about 85 to wages, 15 to profits.

The second big subject in the Coal Bill is reorganization.

The need for reorganization has been pressed on the coal-mining industry ever since Sir Richard Redmayne told the Sankey Commission in 1919 that "the present system of individual ownership of collieries is extravagant and wasteful." In 1926 the Samuel Commission made out a conclusive case for larger producing units, and, since that time successive Governments have attempted in the Mining Industry Act 1926, the Coal Mines Act 1930, the Coal Mines Bill 1936 and the present measure to bring about reorganization. It will be convenient to set out the differences between these measures.

1. *Mining Industry Act 1926.* This made provision for the *voluntary amalgamation* of two or more firms in cases where all were desirous of amalgamating, and the *compulsory absorption* of other firms unwilling to join, if their inclusion was expedient. The initiative had to come from the industry itself. Schemes were to be submitted to the Board of Trade, and the Board, if satisfied, that a *prima facie* case had been made out, was required to remit them to the Railway and Canal Commission, which is a legal body. The Railway and Canal Commission was obliged to confirm a scheme "if satisfied that it would be in the national interest to do so, and that the terms of the scheme are fair and equitable to all persons affected thereby."

2. *Coal Mines Act 1930.* This provided for *compulsory amalgamation* as well as compulsory absorption, i.e., a number of firms could be required to amalgamate even though all were unwilling. The initiative was to come from a body set up for the purpose called the Coal Mines Reorganization Commission. The C.M.R.C. was required to prepare schemes of amalgamation or absorption in accordance with the 1926 Act, if such schemes appeared expedient, and such schemes were to be as valid as if they had come from the industry itself. They were to be submitted, as before, to the Board of Trade and then to the Railway and Canal Commission, but in the case of an amalga-

tion scheme submitted on the initiative of the C.M.R.C. the court was not to confirm it unless satisfied (a) that it would be in the national interest, (b) that it would result in lowering the cost of production or disposal of coal, (c) that it would not be financially injurious to any of the undertakings proposed to be amalgamated, and (d) that the terms of the scheme were fair and equitable to all persons affected.

3. *Coal Mines Bill 1936.* Under the 1926 Act the Railway and Canal Commission had been required to confirm a scheme if satisfied on two points (national interest, fairness and equity). Under the 1930 Act the court was *not* to confirm a scheme *unless* satisfied on these and two other points (lower costs, no financial injury to any constituent companies). These changes were introduced by the Lords and accepted by the Commons at a late stage in a protracted struggle without much comment. But in fact they have completely nullified the intentions of Parliament, and the C.M.R.C. has been unable to get approved a single scheme of compulsory amalgamation. A test case from West Yorkshire made it perfectly clear that the C.M.R.C. would never be able to get a scheme approved by the Railway and Canal Commission. The difficulty was that the C.M.R.C. had to give legal proof of matters that were not susceptible of legal proof. The "national interest," for example, is not a fit subject for legal proof; and though the C.M.R.C. might have excellent reasons for thinking that a scheme would lower the cost of production of coal and would not injure any of the amalgamated undertakings it was not possible to give legal proof.

Realizing this, the Government introduced in 1936 a Coal Mines Bill which would have dropped the Railway and Canal Commission entirely from the procedure, and therewith the requirement of legal proof that a scheme was in the national interest, would result in lowering costs and would injure no amalgamated undertaking. The new procedure envisaged was as follows: The C.M.R.C. would submit to the Board of Trade a "reorganization scheme" for the undertakings to be amalgamated. The Board could modify the scheme, which was then to be laid before Parliament, and if either House did not object within twenty-one Parliamentary days the scheme was to be

approved. After such approval of the general outline, the C.M.R.C. was to fill in the financial details in a "participation scheme," taking care that the terms were "fair and equitable" to all persons affected; this obligation alone remained of the former conditions. Only a limited right of appeal to the courts was allowed against such schemes.

The mine-owners received this Bill with a storm of protest and there was a revolt among the Government supporters. The President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Runciman) thereupon announced that the Government would propose three amendments :—

(a) there would be an interval of two years before the new powers of the C.M.C.R. became effective; (b) coalmines ancillary to other undertakings were not to be included in compulsory amalgamation schemes; (c) an independent, impartial authority was to be set up to hear objections.

Members of the House on both sides at once protested that these changes so altered the character of the Bill as to make it a new measure. The Government eventually acquiesced, dropped the Bill, and sought some new procedure. Their new proposals have been embodied in the same measure as their royalty scheme, and form Part II. of the Coal Bill 1937. The three promises by Mr. Runciman (as he then was) are to be kept. New schemes of amalgamation are not to be submitted until after 31st December, 1939 (though Mr. Runciman's two years, it should be noted, were to have ended on 1st July, 1938). Coal mines ancillary to other undertakings are not to be included in amalgamation schemes. The Railway and Canal Commission is restored as the "independent, impartial authority."

Whereas the 1936 Bill would have introduced a radical change into the procedure of the 1930 Act, the 1937 Bill would leave that procedure substantially the same, but would modify the requirements which made the 1930 procedure unworkable.

Under the new Bill the C.M.R.C. as such is dissolved and its powers are to be taken over by the Coal Commission, the body in which royalties are to be vested. Monopoly of coal royalties is obviously such a powerful instrument for purposes of re-organization that the body in which royalties are vested ought

clearly to be the body charged with bringing about reorganization.

In a comparison with the 1936 Bill, the chief change is that the Railway and Canal Commission resumes its old position as the final arbiter of schemes. In a comparison with the procedure of the 1930 Act—which is at present the law of the land—the following changes may be noted :—

(a) The C.M.R.C. was to prepare a scheme of amalgamation or absorption if it appeared to them “expedient for the purpose of promoting the more economical and efficient working, treating or disposing of coal ;” the Coal Commission is to act only if the number of undertakings in an area is “so great as to be detrimental to the economical and efficient working, treating or disposal” of the coal.

(b) Under the 1937 Bill, Parliament is to have a much more direct responsibility for schemes of amalgamation than under the 1930 Act. This is said to be in pursuance of the principle that the “national interest” is a matter for Parliament to define, not a court of law. The procedure contemplated is roughly this : The coal Commission will report to the Board of Trade on the progress made in the voluntary reduction in the number of undertakings, and if they think insufficient progress has been made in any area they may suggest the exercise of compulsory powers. The Board of Trade, if they agree, will make a draft order to that effect, and this must lie before Parliament for twenty-eight days. If neither House resolves against it, the order will be approved. The scheme then goes to the Railway and Canal Commission, as under the 1930 Act.

(c) Under the 1930 Act the Railway and Canal Commission was not to confirm the scheme unless satisfied that it would be in the national interest, would result in lowering costs, would avoid financial injury to constituent companies and would be fair and equitable. Under the 1937 Bill the same court “may make such modifications, if any, as they consider necessary for enabling the amalgamation or absorption affected by the scheme to be carried out upon terms and conditions that are fair and equitable to all persons affected by the scheme, and are calculated to avoid financial injury to any of the constituent companies and to enable the undertaking of the transferee company to be efficiently carried on.”

This change is the material one. Legal proof before the court of what cannot be legally proved is no longer required. The onus of making modifications to meet the requirements of the statute is thrown upon the court itself. There is no obligation on the court to make such modifications but if it does the modifications are only to be such as are “calculated” to achieve certain objects. This word is vital. It is easy to “calculate,” though difficult to prove, that certain consequences will follow from certain premises. Moreover, the Railway and Canal Commission, it would appear, is unable to reject schemes of amalgamation that have passed through the Parliamentary stage, unless it can be shown that such schemes infringe Acts of Parliament. The court may modify schemes, but it cannot reject them *in toto*.

(d) The 1930 Act permitted the C.M.R.C. to prepare schemes of “partial” or “total” amalgamation. But amalgamation is a term with

a legal meaning, and in the West Yorkshire case it appeared that "partial" amalgamation could not be brought within the ambit of that meaning. Accordingly the 1937 Bill directs that schemes drawn up by the Coal Commission shall provide for the complete merger of the constituent companies.

Our opinion of these changes will be determined by the view we take of the need for further reorganization in the coal industry. Undoubtedly there has been an enormous amount of voluntary amalgamation since the War, so that 77 per cent. of the output is now produced by 129 undertakings; the movement has gone farthest in South Wales, where 80 per cent. of the output is accounted for by seven huge combines. But, as there are still over 1,000 separate undertakings, one-fifth of the output is clearly produced by a ridiculously large number of firms. It is my own feeling that the process of amalgamation must go a long way further before we can feel any degree of satisfaction. The benefits of large-scale production are in general so huge that the present multiplicity of ownerships is a serious hindrance to efficiency.

Those who share this belief will regret that the Government have abandoned their 1936 Bill for the present compromise. It is common ground that the reorganization clauses of the 1930 Act must be revised, for they have proved unworkable. The 1936 Bill would have given the C.M.R.C. those effective powers to bring about amalgamations which Parliament desired it should have. It is impossible to be so confident about the present Bill. Until an actual case has gone before the Railway and Canal Commission, it is out of the question to say how the court will act. But the limitation of the powers of the court to making such modifications in schemes as are "calculated to avoid financial injury to any of the constituent companies" does seem "calculated" not to be destructive. A scheme of compulsory amalgamation should prove to be legally enforceable under this Bill, and to that extent it is an improvement on the 1930 Act. But the present measure is a great weakening on the 1936 Bill, and to that extent is a matter for regret. Those who think amalgamation has gone far enough, or that compulsion ought never to be applied to private enterprise will hold a reverse opinion and regard the compromises of the present Bill as a matter for congratulation.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S FIFTH YEAR.

BY D. W. BROGAN.

WHEN on a wet January 20th, Mr. Roosevelt took the presidential oath of office for the second time, the novelty that he was the first president to be inaugurated in January instead of in March was symbolic of a greater novelty. No president of the United States had ever been chosen with such overwhelming popular support. The nearest parallel, the practically unanimous re-election of James Monroe in 1820 was not really very near. That not very vigorous executive had been chosen when party zeal and organization were at a low ebb ; his was the "era of good feeling." There had been no good feeling about the electoral campaign of 1936 ; the Republicans and, still more, the dissident Democrats had fought with all the vigour and skill of which they were capable ; they had been ineffective but not from any want of bitter zeal. In January the defeated party and the defeated sections that had rallied behind that party were willing, indeed very naturally eager, to accept the verdict of the voters—on their own terms. Mr. Roosevelt could have their support or at any rate their forgiveness if he would direct his policy in accordance with the wishes of those who had supported Mr. Landon. In less than a month, dreams of this statesmanlike settlement were shattered, for the President attacked his late enemies in the most sacred and most emotionally treasured of their strongholds, the Supreme Court. In a day the political scene was transformed ; the despairing Opposition was first stunned, then stirred to resistance—and to hope. The President's own party was startled, shocked, and in only a few cases, delighted. There was a vast majority, nominally, of the President's party in both houses of Congress, but it was bewildered and then divided. Within two months of the announcement of the proposed alteration in the Supreme Court, the President's enemies were beginning to exult ; the

Roosevelt luck had broken at last ; if the great political magician was not yet on the run, he was on the defensive, on a defensive forced on him by a revolt on his own party.

An increase in indiscipline in Congress was indeed recognized as inevitable. When one of the organizers of victory in 1936 was congratulated on the practically clean sweep, he replied ' Yes, the results are good, too good.' All the prophets were dumbfounded by the most startling feature of the election, the increase in the Democratic strength in the House of Representatives. There was a three-fourths Democratic majority in both houses, a majority too big to be manageable, and party revolts, slackness, squabbling were all predicted and allowed for. But the mere attrition of congressional authority which was awaited was very different from the reality.

Contemplating the resistance of the Senate to the presidential programme, spectators saw not a revolt but a revolution. As spring passed, with the judiciary bill bogged down in the endless hearings of the Senate committee ; as the bland Senator Ashhurst sat smiling while the dour Senator Burke produced his endless chain of hostile witnesses : angry lawyers, experts in " the mortality of republics " like Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis), even prominent party members like Chairman Smith of Connecticut—the authority of the President seemed to waste away with every day's delay. As all the world knows, the bill when finally brought to a vote was overwhelmingly defeated ; the most powerful president of modern times had met crushing defeat at the hands of his own party. And the Senate of the United States, for the past four years barely visible under the long shadow cast by the White House, began to look more like the assembly that had destroyed Wilson and intimidated and harrassed Messrs. Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. Political prophets, beginning to recover from the terrible beating they took last November, talked hopefully of the division of powers, of the good old system of checks and balances, of the wisdom of the fathers, who had not intended that the United States should be governed by one man. And the faithful remnants of the Republicans crept out again to feel the sun, like the Kings of Europe after Waterloo. They were well out before it was made plain that the battle over the Court

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might be an Aspern or a Malafaroslavet but was not a Waterloo. For Mr. Roosevelt, like the British Army, did not know that he was beaten; that stubbornness which had forbade any effective compromise when there was still a chance that a compromise might save part of the President's plan, now stood him in good stead. The American people likes and the American politician fears a fighter. And it was evident that the President was not going to let any seconds throw in the sponge, as also that he was not fighting to keep the enemy off until saved by the bell of congressional adjournment. He was indeed carrying the fight into the enemy's camp.

The first sign of this was the nomination of Senator Hugo Black of Alabama to the Supreme Court vacancy caused by the resignation of Justice Van Devanter. The nomination was a defiance of his critics in more ways than one. Senator Black was not an eminent lawyer—although he was in all probability as good a lawyer in a technical sense as several present members of the court, but he was chosen openly and defiantly on political grounds. He was a vigorous supporter of the New Deal in Congress; not merely a loyal party follower of the President like the Senate leader, Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas, but a radical after the President's own heart. He had earned fame as a leader of Senate investigations, and his appointment to the bench of American Themis was a reaffirmation of the presidential belief that, in the Supreme Court, politics did and should count for much—if they were politics of the right kind. The nomination of Senator Black was a bold denial that there was any truth in the old story that the Court had no concern with politics, that it drew the reasons for its decisions from some well of legal learning undefiled. Wherever Justice Black was going to get his legal learning it was not going to be from that remote and, to the President, mythical, source.

This side of the Black appointment was almost forgotten in the noise and smoke that arose over the other issue. Was the new Justice a member of the Ku Klux Klan? Had he been one? That such a question could be asked at all was a proof that the President had made another mistake, or that at any rate, that he was ready to test his popularity again. For to a large proportion of the President's supporters, the Ku Klux Klan was no joke or

remote historical nuisance. A feature of the campaign of 1936 had been the success with which the Democrats had cultivated the Negro voters. But to the average Negro voter the name of Klansman was as horrifying as that of yeoman, rashly applied by Broadbent to a good Catholic in "John Bull's Other Island." And it was not only the Negroes who were startled. The qualification for membership of the Klan was being "White, Gentile and Protestant" and while not all of the President's supporters in the North were ineligible for the hooded ranks, most of those who were ineligible were his supporters. Jews, Catholics, and Negroes might well regard the Black appointment with surprise, if with no stronger emotion. And practical politicians, who cared little for mere indignation of this kind, were surprised that the President should have kept his own counsel so well that no one was able to warn him of the facts of his nominee's embarrassing past. That past was no great or deep secret. Mr. Black entered the Senate from Alabama in 1926 when the power of the Klan was great all over the South and especially in his own state of Alabama. In that year to run for office and be elected in Alabama was to depend on Klan neutrality at least; the senior Senator was the most rabid Pope and Jew-baiter in the Senate, Tom Heflin. It was only two years since the great fight over the Klan in the Democratic convention in New York. It was only two years before the nomination of Governor Smith caused a revolt in the South and lost several States to the Republicans. And, although Alabama stood by the party, she barely did so, and Senator Black's own country voted two to one for Mr. Hoover, the first time Clay County has gone wrong since 1900. In these circumstances it was not at all unlikely that Mr. Black had had Klan connections, and that fact might have been remembered by President Roosevelt who had, both in 1924 and 1928, been a leader of the Smith section of the national Democracy. As America eventually learned from Justice Black himself, he was in fact at one time a member of the Klan. For a politician this was not too serious a handicap. Ex-Governor Smith and Senator Wagner have been members of Tammany Hall without, in recent years at least, suffering much in public esteem from their association with that less than saintly body. Many a good Democratic

supporter of the President has to play ball with the Kelly-Nash machine in Chicago, and it would be unkind to recall the names of eminent Republican citizens who had friends who were also friends of Al Capone. Politics being what they are in all countries, such odd associations are inevitable. It would be unkind to believe that the worthy, honest and kindly Nazis, who are being continually met by so many nice English people, really approve of Herr Streicher and his *Stürmer*. And it would also be unkind to ask them openly to admit that they don't like the writings or personality of the *Führer's* friend. But rather more may be and is expected of a Judge and especially of a Judge who is, like an American Supreme Court Judge, supposed to be a guardian of fundamental liberties and fundamental American ideals. In the controversy over the Supreme Court, it was a favourite argument of the opposition that the most important work of the Court was the protection of civil and religious liberty. That argument was especially strongly advanced by Catholics who are numerous and powerful in the Democratic party, in the Senate and out of it. The Black nomination may turn out to be a great success; one remembers, for instance, the exhibition made of themselves by the men of light and leading who bemoaned the nomination of Mr. Brandeis in 1916. But for the moment it has shown that the President can make political mistakes.

It is too early to be decided as to the effects of Mr. Roosevelt's Chicago speech, but later efforts both by the President and by other spokesmen of the administration show that the political dangers of seeming to involve the United States in European entanglements have not been forgotten. Mr. Roosevelt was a member of the Wilson administration and has never repented his share in it. But he was also Vice-Presidential candidate in 1920 when America in her haste to escape from Europe welcomed Warren Harding as the new Sir Galahad or St. George, who would kill the horrid foreign dragon, which, if not resolved to eat the helpless maiden of the western world, had at least designs on her virtue. To vary the metaphor, the American people haven't got any further than consenting to let their darling daughter swim in the good old way; but she must not go near the water, indeed she mustn't even hang her clothes on a hickory

limb. For the moment a sort of diplomatic strip-tease act is all that will be allowed. American active intervention, like the art of Miss Lee, must wait for happier days.

Faced with these failures, with the loss of such a reliable leader as Senator Robinson, with the awkward fact that it took all possible presidential pressure to secure the narrow election of Senator Barkley in Senator Robinson's place, with the disturbing fact that, to Senator Robinson's place, the voters of Arkansas have sent the less enthusiastically pro-Roosevelt of two candidates, the President might have cause to worry. If he has, he either does not know it or does not show it.

For it is still the most obvious and more important fact of American politics that the game is played by the President alone. He may bowl himself out, he may knock down his own wicket, but he is not only his own worst enemy, he is his only effective enemy. The Republicans wisely lay low during the Supreme Court fight ; they left the risks and labours of opposing the President to dissident Democrats, of whom there was a sufficient supply. There was nothing else to be done, but it was not a very healthy sign for a party that had long been dominant and had polled seventeen million votes a few months before. Ostensibly the tactics used were dictated by the fear that too active opposition would unite the Democrats behind their nominal leader. But sound as that reason was, it only made more obvious the feebleness of the Grand Old Party which was now so much more obviously old than grand. If it is the business of the Opposition to oppose, that business has been neglected by the official Opposition. There is, indeed, a superficial parallel with the encouragement given to the Liberal Unionists in 1886 by Lord Salisbury. The English Conservatives, however, were themselves numerous and strong, but the majority that defeated the Court bill was two-thirds Democratic—which is something else again. So far, few Democrats in office have dared to come out against the administration and all its works ; they have professed, in many cases genuinely, that their only desire is to go along with Mr. Roosevelt as far as conscience will permit. So the Opposition has no obvious and open leader or leaders. Those Democrats who took a walk with Mr. Alfred E. Smith may be walking still for all anybody has troubled to

find out. Their candidate for the Democratic nomination for Mayor of New York could not manage the few blocks from Tammany Hall to City Hall and, however hard it may be to decide who (besides Mr. La Guardia himself) really triumphed at the recent New York election, it is certain who did not. The group which tried to nominate Senator Copeland believed that there was a large group of disgruntled Democrats ready to take the party back from the usurper; they have learned that there is no such body in sight at the moment.

Attempts have been made to ginger the Republican party into some semblance of life. Mr. Hoover, the only living ex-President, has suggested a mid-term convention to take party stock—and, possibly, to unload the Landon leaders. Mr. Landon has demurred to this suggestion and has contented himself with a national broadcast which made no deep impression. The activities of both Republican leaders have been received with boredom by the nation; for while, as the satirist has recently reminded us, Mr. Roosevelt has only to call for his portable fire-side to secure the attention of tens of millions, it would take a real fire on a big scale to draw a sizeable audience for Messrs. Hoover and Landon. What the powers and sections that have backed the Republicans in the past want is an assurance that a real opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's policies and attitude can be organized by 1940. Whether or not they believe the improbable report that Mr. Roosevelt is toying with the idea of succeeding himself, they know that, in all probability, the President's support will be decisive in determining who is to be the Democratic nominee. On the other hand, they are in grave doubts as to whether the mere name Republican is not too grave a handicap for a candidate to be expected to bear. There is a widespread scepticism as to the future of the party which is not merely a reflection of the feeling that, in different ways both Mr. Landon and Mr. Hoover are handicaps. When, last April, I remarked in a congressional boarding house in Washington that I was interested in the future of the Republican party, a Republican Congressman replied, only half-ironically, that he was glad to meet someone who considered the problem worth thinking about. The hopes of the opponents of the President really involve a merger of conservative Democrats who

have stayed within the tolerated boundaries of party difference with those sections of the Republican party whose open support and alliance will not be a handicap. But to effect this alliance, the Democratic elements of the future party will have to declare themselves before 1940—and to do so will take a great deal of courage. It is believed that, at the moment, Mr. Roosevelt is not attempting to revenge himself on the Senators who led the opposition to him, but he need only stay neutral for local talent to take on the job, at any rate in the West. At least two senators have been given warning by the local machines that their senatorial careers are over and, if a few examples are made of potential rebels in 1938, the temptation to stay quiet until after 1940 will assail many a politician who is indignant at the way the party has been led but not so indignant as to wish to commit political suicide.

All these considerations are pure politics in the narrower sense of the term, for the whole landscape can be altered by an economic or diplomatic explosion—another slump, another world war. The risks of another slump are already worrying many objective observers. An acute and fair-minded business man recently told me he thought the fundamental problems raised by the slump of 1929 and the remedies applied since were still unsolved and were perhaps more difficult to solve than ever. An American economist, while agreeing with such apologists for the administration as Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau that there was no technical reason for the slump, believed that an unreasonable slump could soon make itself reasonable enough by its own impetus. What began as a baseless might soon be a justified panic. But for the moment the causes and consequences of the stock market break and of industrial recession are debatable. The popular explanations that are based on the personality and policy of Chairman Douglas of the Securities and Exchange Commission are mere symptoms of general uneasiness. Neither what his friends think is the zeal of Mr. Douglas for the property rights of shareholders and the sabotage of his policy by Big Business or what Wall Street thinks his excessive rigidity of view are capable of producing the recent movements downwards on their own.

More important is the realization that a good deal of the boom

of the past spring was due to the very unhealthy state of Europe and the world. The export of broken-down Fords to be made into munitions was a dramatic exemplification for many an American of the degree to which America was tied up with Europe, despite the forbidding of the banns by Senator Borah and Senator Johnson. Whatever they may say in public, many prominent Americans doubt very much whether the United States can stay out of a world war if there is one. And it should be remembered that a great many Americans, not having quite the same overpowering natural desire to hope for the best that we have, are convinced, not that a world war is imminent *but that it has begun*. A war has begun, they think, not when it has been declared, but when armies are fighting and what they see before Madrid and Shanghai is, they think, war, and a war that will not confine itself to Spain and China or say Czechoslovakia. The ideological conflict may spread (perhaps has already spread) to the Americas, and what Monroe doctrine can confine the rival internationals? If this view is going to be common in America, the President's position will be momentarily strengthened. The American people will want to feel that their course is not being steered by an uncertain hand. They can rest assured on that point, although they may have reasonable doubts as to whether their daring pilot does not love extremity for its own sake.

One issue that seemed very much alive last spring has lost some of its topical urgency. The C.I.O. is busy digesting its considerable spoils and licking its not inconsiderable wounds. It is for the moment more interested in its relations with the American Federation of Labour than in resuming its war with Mr. Girdler and the other defenders of rugged individualism. The failure to capture political control of Detroit has shown that Mr. Lewis's political ambitions will have to be moderated, at least until he has secured the undivided support of labour.

If storms blow up there is no one in sight to steal the show from the President and as he will be in office for three years more, naturally the powers that were, or are, or may be have all good reasons for trying to do a deal with him. He is still far stronger than his party, and there is in sight no other party.

Yet the past year has shown that the dire warnings of dictatorship in America have been exaggerations or nonsense. Despite the practical monopoly of the political stage by the President, other actors have managed to make noises off. The turn-about in a series of remarkable decisions of the Supreme Court has shown that for a broad and flexible outlook and contempt for mere logical consistency, no politician has much on Justice Roberts, whose changes of mind have made the interpretation of the constitution more the job of a thought-reader than of a jurist or statesman. There is a great deal of healthy and confused political noise, if not thought, going on. The American people, in its relations with the President, has still "a great big amount down in its love account," but it hasn't put all its eggs in one basket. It is keeping a few in hand, if only to have them to throw, should it think fit. And it can still laugh at its chief and, what is more important, he can afford to accept the laughter.

Over here we are not allowed to see a play either because it refuses to canonize the great-grandmother of the King or the father of the Prime Minister or for both reasons. In many countries, the ruler can only be allowed to be seen smiling at little girls, and he and his followers must freeze into gargoyle-like hostility at the mere possibility that they may from time to time err, or at the mention of the obscene names of Marx or Trotsky. Mr. Roosevelt is not in the position of Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler. And a great popular leader who can afford to be laughed at has cards in his hand that cannot be played by the infallible. It was one of Mr. Hoover's weaknesses that he smiled with difficulty; it is one of Mr. Roosevelt's strengths that he smiles easily and with charm. When he smiles most expansively, however, practical politicians have learned to get ready to duck and, watching the President warily at this moment, they are ready to duck—and many of them to run if necessary. After all, if they don't run this year or next, they may not be able to run again.

THE ARTIST'S MANDATE

BY W. J. TURNER

THE artist is often accused nowadays of being an "escapist" because he is reluctant to join any particular political party. The refusal to be a party man is cunningly interpreted by those who wish to capture him for their party—whichever it may be—as a refusal to be interested in the world around him. He is thus made out to be a mere trifler, amusing himself fiddling like Nero while Rome burns, or else sitting apart in some ivory tower where he listens enraptured all day long to the song of the grasshoppers in Summer and the gramophone in Winter, idly dreaming of the things he is going to do some day.

Such is the uncomplimentary picture drawn of an artist today by his communist or fascist acquaintances. Such a picture, curiously enough, is never drawn of the scientist sitting indifferent in his research laboratory while the crowds outside are cheering Sir Oswald Mosley or Sir Stafford Cripps. What would be thought of a scientist who, leaving his test tubes just as he was about to isolate and capture some elusive bug, were to drop his apparatus in order to rush out and kick a constable who was not enthusiastically discriminating between the right and the wrong demonstrators?

No, the scientist is permitted to concentrate on his job because it is thought that, whatever side wins in a political struggle, his services will be valuable and needed. But why is the scientist's work so highly valued? Because to-day European thought is in the grip of a wholly delusive materialistic philosophy. In spite of the evidence to show that, for example, the enormous increase in crops grown, due to the machinery invented by scientists and the chemical and bacteriological research, has resulted not in all men being fed, but in the burning and destruction of food in order to save civilization from economic collapse,

the party politician continues to think, or to pretend to think, that this is no evidence of other, less obvious shortcomings but is entirely due to the malevolence and stupidity of his political opponents.

But in the history of mankind almost every conceivable political theory has been tried. Ceaselessly and unweariedly the political pendulum has swung from right to left and back again. Yet the very people who pretend to have grasped the theory of dialectical materialism are unable or unwilling to understand that every swing to the left will produce a reaction to the right and *vice-versa* and that for the pendulum to stay fixed in their favourite position would mark the death of human society as we know it.

Now, what is wrong with this materialistic philosophy which afflicts the artist's political acquaintances today is that it is imperfectly materialistic ; that is why I described it as delusive. When you have grown your coffee you have to drink it ; when you have sown your corn you have to eat it ; when you have built your house you have to live in it. The drinking, the eating and the living are surely as much the material of life as are the coffee beans, the corn cobs, the houses. Somebody has to teach men how to make coffee ; somebody has to teach men how to tell good coffee from bad ; somebody has to teach men what to do with the corn when it is grown and how to build and how to live in the houses. The scientist does not and cannot teach us to do any of these things, for this is wholly the province of the artist, and without the artist we should choke ourselves pouring raw coffee beans down our throats—the scientist having discovered how to produce enough coffee to choke everybody in the world.

I have sat at luncheon with a number of political intellectuals and I have listened to a passionate advocacy of a piece of political propaganda for a municipal leader which consisted of nothing more than the notion of pulling down the whole of South London. My political friends, who look upon me as a half-wit, did not expect me to contribute anything to the discussion. But I sat and marvelled that nobody seemed to bother or to have the least idea about what was going to replace what was pulled down. It was just *assumed* that it would be better. It is this assump-

tion which it is the business of the artist—as far as he can enter politics at all—to attack. The social business of the artist is to show people how to live; that can be his only social concern. Consequently he is interested in the way of things rather than in the statistics of things. It is not enough to tell an artist that, say, in a State of forty million people everybody has got £300 a year and a house and garden, he wants to see the house and the garden and also to know how the people live in them.

The political partisan, however, is more interested in defeating his opponent than in anything else. Certainly he may have doctrines, theories, or ideals, for which he (occasionally) may be prepared to go to the stake. But the spectacle of Communists executing Fascists or Fascists executing Communists or, more simply Lefts executing Rights and vice-versa, is no more edifying than that of Catholics burning Protestants and *vice-versa* and does nothing whatever to make life better worth living—which is the only social problem the artist is concerned about.

The artist has a passion for the concrete. He would not cross the road to go to a political demonstration. He has learnt that so-called doctrines, ideals, theories are all merely short-cuts, ways of escape from profound problems, a mere sheep-like and excited following of the lines of least resistance, disguised by the beating of drums, flag-waving and other kinds of dope.

Here let me become a little personal. What excites me is a new building not a new political platform. The other day I had quite a thrill when I was given a pamphlet with the title Kensal House. It described a block of flats designed creatively. The phenomenon was so unusual that I hastened to see for myself. And what do I mean by “creatively?” I mean it was designed so as to make the best of the site, to preserve the trees so that ^{se.} occupants shall see something living fresh and green rather than ^{ok so his'ly} a cement wall on looking out of their windows. It was designed so as to get the morning sun into the bedrooms and the afternoon sun into the living rooms. It was designed not by Sir Stafford Cripps nor by Sir Oswald Mosley, but by the Gas Light, & Coke Co., containing 68 flats to let at 11/6 and 9/6 each a week, on a site in London near Ladbroke Grove. This is what I call creative enterprise. Now I hope that the Gas Light & Coke Co.,

having made a start, will continue this admirable enterprise. I should like to know why the Electric Companies do not attempt something similar. Each will have the economic advantages of being able to reckon on supplying their own fuel and thus making possible the most economic rents.

If a big industrial concern makes an investment of this sort, contenting itself with a modest yield on its capital and not profiteering, it is, in my opinion, doing really constructive social work and properly fulfilling a creative task. But do political propagandists ever make the distinction between constructive social service and mere unsocial profiteering? Does any political leader or political daily, weekly or monthly paper set out to discover, advocate and support such concrete creative enterprise and to denounce the anti-social forces active in our midst? Why does not the Co-operative Wholesale Society for example, embark upon similarly constructive enterprises? The answer is easy, it is because they do not possess anybody with the brains to think of such things. But this is the situation in which most institutions, departments or organizations will be, whatever the political colour of a country's government. Are our political enthusiasts so *naïve* as to imagine that men's brains would suddenly improve throughout the country if only this or the other political leader were Prime Minister?

The artist is a realist. He knows the truth of the old saying about art and life. He does his best to make something good, to cultivate his intelligence and his senses, to become a little wise and discriminating. He has no faith in flag-waving, in the cat-calls and hurrahs of blind partisans. He tries to stick to the direct path, the hard and narrow path of individual creative effort and critical activity, turning neither to the left nor to the right. To call such conduct escapism or egoism is a complete misunderstanding. Perhaps the doctrinaires and political fanatics have their function and are, occasionally, of service; but to me they are rather a sign of an unhealthy social state; that is, when their numbers increase and they become so virulent as to attack the true artist and the true scientist who are faithful to their jobs.

LONDON AND DUBLIN.

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE English foible of dealing with a problem by pretending that it doesn't exist is best exemplified in the studied indifference of Whitehall and the Press to the residual aspirations of Ireland. The lion couchant is trying so hard to camouflage himself as an ostrich! Because, however, the strategic position of the United Kingdom depends to a very considerable extent upon Irish good will, it is high time the elements of conflict between London and Dublin were brought out and re-examined in the light of a world situation which wears a very different complexion from that of 1932 when Mr. de Valera first came into power.

If, as Mr. Henry Harrison reminded us in his recent study,* the Anglo-Irish Treaty was a case of mutual interest overriding scruples of sentiment and the tradition of conflict, does not the present war-peril call for a similar burying of the hatchet between a 'self-righteous' Britain and a 'contumacious' Saorstat Eireann? That was, in essence, Mr. Harrison's plea—addressed, above all, to the wielders of power and influence in this country. Obsessed as he is, however, by the "imperious necessity for preparing for the struggle for survival (*sic*) of the community of nations known as the British Empire," Mr. Harrison never stops to ask whether membership of that community is really compatible with the nationalist objective of a fully independent, self-reliant Ireland.

As a mother-country, as the home of civilization when we were all barbarians, Ireland cannot be expected to regard the Dominion status qualified by certain defence restrictions which was conferred on her by the 1921 Treaty as the last word in political wisdom. Mr. de Valera has now achieved his main objective of securing national endorsement—within the bounds of the Free State—of a Constitution from which King and

* *Ireland and The British Empire, 1918-1937.* Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.

Commonwealth are entirely banished. And if, as in the famous Document No. 2, he accepts the relationship of External Association with "the community of nations known as the British Empire," he makes no secret of his view that the march to independence of the Irish nation is not yet completed.

In the debate on the President's Department Vote on May 19th last, he defended Ireland's absence from the Imperial Conference on the grounds that those who were meeting in London represented governments who had settled whatever disputes existed among themselves, whereas there were still outstanding matters between Britain and the Free State, and therefore, participation in the family gathering would be necessarily misunderstood.

What are those outstanding questions? First of all, there is the persistent charge that Britain, 'which tricked Griffith and Collins into signing the Treaty that was to bring about Irish unity,' had in fact contrived the stratagem of partition in order to perpetuate Ireland's weakness. That is, of course, poppycock, since the cleavage between the Ireland of the Twenty-six Counties, Catholic to the extent of some ninety-five per cent. and the ruling element in Northern Ireland has its roots deep down in history, and the Government of Ireland Act (1920) confirmed by the Treaty of 1921, with the subsequent Boundary Commission, only registered a particularly obstinate fact. But it is what a large number of enthusiasts for Irish freedom think, and in politics men's opinions about the facts are often more important than the facts themselves! Secondly, Mr. De Valera instanced the financial dispute, and the issues of the economic war resulting from his Government's refusal to pay the land annuities.

The economic dispute between London and Dublin is a secondary affair. It has never been treated by either side on its merits but always set in the wider context of the controversy about political symbolism. Has not the time come for a move on the part of H.M. Government to end the economic war in consideration of a modest lump sum payment by the Free State? In spite of his uncompromising assertions, Mr. De Valera is believed to be perfectly willing to "talk business"—provided only that he be allowed to maintain the legal standpoint that

Ireland does not owe the money! He would probably be glad to seize a change of stealing Mr. Cosgrave's thunder. And, from the British point of view, there could be no more fruitful contribution to the cause of economic "disarmament" and Anglo-American solidarity *vis-à-vis* the anti-democratic countries on which President Roosevelt is known to set so much store.

Finally the President referred to the question of defence and "the occupying of our ports against the will of our people." The "defence" reservation in the treaty establishing Ireland as a separate State was not, after all, so surprising when we consider that up to quite recently the Dominions were one and all content to rely largely on the sea-power of the mother-country for their security. Equality of status, on which they have so jealously insisted in the name of nationhood, was never regarded as synonymous with equality of function. The position of Ireland, however, is *sui generis*. The authentic Irish nationalist politely repudiates the notion of salvation by Dominion status. In Ireland's case, as he sees it, the metaphor of the British family, with grown-up daughter-nations unable none the less to deny the reality and importance of the parental tie, and with the Monarchy symbolizing political fatherhood, is inapplicable. Hence the process of shackle-smashing in which Mr. de Valera has indulged these last few years. And the defence monopoly of the British Navy (under Article 7 of the Second Schedule of the Treaty) together with certain facilities for coastal defence by air and oil fuel storage, constitutes now the sole remaining fetter on the national sovereignty.

The restrictions on the Free State's right of self-defence were indeed explicitly stated in 1921-22 to be stipulations unconnected with status—they were a consequence of the declared policy of reconciling national aspirations with the security of the British Empire. Nevertheless, this treaty servitude is felt as an imposition, a relic of British suzerainty which must be thrown off like the Oath of Allegiance, the Governor-General *more anglici*, etc. In the speech on May 19th to which I have referred Mr. de Valera went so far as to describe it as "in fact an act of aggression." Ireland was ready and willing, he said, to undertake the responsibilities of defence

so that no foreign country should ever use her as a base of attack against Great Britain—thus repeating the assurance given at the time of the Jubilee of King George V.—but no national plan of defence was possible so long as those ports were withdrawn from Irish sovereignty.

Not that Mr. de Valera has any illusions about Ireland being able, in fact, to cut adrift from the United Kingdom. Geography is here as inexorable as history has proved itself to be for other aspects of Anglo-Irish relations. But just because common risk dictates collaboration—much more obviously than in the case of the Dominions concerned with just this problem at the Imperial Conference—it is surely high time British opinion was alive to the psychology of the matter, and some means found for transmuting the present duress into a *voluntary* arrangement for mutual benefit.

The growing menace of war, indeed, makes it imperative that this “serious element in the dispute between Great Britain and ourselves” in Mr. de Valera’s own words, should be tackled. Common risk, as I have said, predicates common defence. And it is hard to believe that there have not been “conversations” between the Service Departments of the two countries. Yet, when challenged in the Dail by Mr. Eamonn O’Neill (Fine Gael) at the beginning of June, Mr. de Valera denied that there had been any negotiations with Britain relating to defence. And he affirmed that the new air base at Rhynanna and the oil refinery in Dublin were no more than a normal stage in national economic development, entirely outside the purview of the British authorities. (To which the Americanism “Sez you!”—would seem to be the only possible retort!)

Clearly the strategical context of Anglo-Irish relations has changed completely since the elimination of the League as a factor of “security.” From a conversation I had recently with the President, I know that he is fully alive to the dangers ahead. And so we find him turning back to his pet idea of a British “Monroe Doctrine” first propounded in the famous *Westminster Gazette* interview of February 6th, 1920. What he has in mind is a formal agreement for co-operation in neutrality, on the lines of Britain’s Treaty with Iraq, the application in the sphere of

foreign policy of the doctrine of External Association by which he still swears.

Now, a Treaty of Association in Defence and Foreign Policy between the Free State and the United Kingdom *would* undoubtedly be consonant with that *izzat* or national self-respect, which is the prime factor in Anglo-Irish as in British-Indian relations—though it would be gall and wormwood to the militant Republicans. The importance to Great Britain, on the other hand, of a friendly Ireland furnishing, if need be, abundance of food supplies needs no stressing.

The point must be emphasized that External Association as conceived by Mr. de Valera only has meaning as applied to the whole of Ireland. If then there are to be any negotiations for placing the defence relations of the two countries on a different and mutually satisfactory basis, there is no avoiding the major issue of Ulster. In 1921 the view taken by Mr. de Valera was that "if your Government (the British) stands aside, we can effect a complete reconciliation with our fellow-Irishmen in the north." The British delegates politely refused, but then assumed the task of seeking to break down Ulster's recalcitrance to an Anglo-Irish settlement. Finally they formulated schemes which were designed—Mr. Frank Pakenham's book, *Peace by Ordeal*, makes this very clear—to establish the "essential unity" of Ireland, and this idea was embodied in the Treaty. In practice, we know now, the treaty settlement of 1921-22 was a damaging blow to that essential unity. That very fact imposes an obligation upon the British Government—apart from its responsibility as a Great Power—to give the lead now. One would like to think it possible for Mr. Chamberlain to obtain the assent of Lord Craigavon's Government to a generous offer for an all-Ireland parliament which might sit for six months in Dublin and six months in Belfast, leaving Northern Ireland as it is now with provincial autonomy (in the sense of the India Bill) and providing for the retention of British armed units in Ulster for, say, a ten-years period to ensure the working of the new régime. Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, in short, has a great chance of effecting an Irish settlement similar to the achievement of the National Government with regard to India. For Ireland as for India, what matters above all is a certain

tatus and a certain definition of status. Within a scheme for Irish confederation conceived on broad and sympathetic lines, there can be satisfactory provision for safeguards which will at the same time meet the needs of Imperial defence, satisfy the *amour-propre* of the Free State—and take into account the susceptibilities of the loyalists of the north.

Like so many other foci of stress the Anglo-Irish problem is at bottom one of psychology, requiring from British statesmanship a quality of imagination and of courage which is all too often lacking. It means frankly facing the fact that in the case of a nation, itself a mother country and the home of an ancient civilization, the remedy of Dominion Status, suitable for daughter-nations, is, to say the least inadequate, and, since External Association is now an accomplished fact, being prepared with proper safeguards for the "Ulster" loyalists, to try and build on the only basis which will ever be acceptable to the mass of the Irish people.

Lord Tweedsmuir, speaking on Anglo-American relations at a Canadian-American luncheon at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario on June 18th, made the point that "a satisfactory relationship" of the two English-speaking peoples will be one of *understanding*, not *allegiance*." The same observation applies with no less force to the conflict-scarred relations of England and the Free State.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL CHANGE

BY D. R. DAVIES

FOR good or ill, it is becoming generally recognized that the Church is by no means a negligible factor in social change. And by social change one does not mean superficial reforms, of the kind in which the Churches are especially interested—*e.g.*, anti-gambling, temperance and Sunday observance. Indeed, it could be argued that the Churches are weakest precisely in regard to those reforms which are sectarian rather than broadly social. The persistent propaganda of the Churches has achieved hardly any notable success in preventing gambling or so-called “Sabbath desecration.” To-day, gambling in the form of betting is stronger than ever; whilst Sunday observance is less than ever.

By social change one means action which aims at dealing with causes rather than with effects, in a word, action that will fundamentally affect the existing social structure. Any alteration in the present distribution of income; the conscious assumption of a deeper sense of social responsibility for the unemployed and the very poor; the creation of a real “League of Nations” to which national sovereignties shall be subordinate—these changes would alter the very basis and character of existing society.

Why is the Church to-day such a powerful factor? There is one obvious reason, and that is the abandonment by the Church leaders of mere individualistic Christianity, of the notion that the function of the Church in the world is the salvation of individual souls as individuals, isolated from society.

Consider that characteristic passage in a sermon on War by Canon J. N. Mozley :

“It is no part of the mission of Christianity to reconstruct the order of the world; that is not its task or its function. It assumes the world’s system and its want of system: its system as regards individuals; its unsystematic condition as regards nations. It does not profess to provide another world for us to live in.”

Now it is obvious that in such a view of the function of religion in the world, there was no suspicion of what is to-day recognized as a most elementary fact, namely, that the individual is a social being, the product of an ageless biological and social process. The individual as an isolated soul is as much of a myth as the "economic man" of classical economy. It is simply impossible to abstract the individual from society into an independent, self-contained entity. Canon Mozley's view governed the thinking of the Churches in Great Britain for a very long period. But to-day it has, for all practical purposes, been abandoned; except in peculiar little sects, which survive just as the tide leaves behind it little pools of water in which children paddle. By the great body of the Church, it has been relegated to the limbo of outworn dogma. And for a good reason.

Such sheer individualism was simply the expression in religion of an earlier phase of Capitalism, that phase in which the social and economic system was predominantly one of unrestrained individual competition. In this phase, production, distribution and finance were mainly in the hands of individuals, families or small groups. It was an age in which the voice of the trust, combine and cartel had not yet been heard in the land. It was a time in which the individual capitalist, by his own thrift, ability and abstinence, could accumulate capital and control his own productive unit. The shadow of the corporate Financier had not yet fallen across the industrialist. Competition was still mainly an affair of individuals.

In such an environment, what could be more natural and inevitable than that religion too should be a matter for individuals and independent entities? In every age, there is, broadly speaking, a correspondence between social structure and process, and ideology and culture. The eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were no exception. Since individuals, in fact, fought one another and competed with one another in the economic sphere, they could not suddenly be transformed, in the religious sphere, into social beings. Hence the individualism of religion.

To-day, it is nowhere seriously denied that Christianity has a social content and application: witness, for example, the stream of books that come from publishers on the question of

Christianity and social problems. Social and economic development has simply emptied mere individualism of all meaning and reality. Competition is to-day a rivalry of vast Frankenstein monopolies, which subject Governments to their ruthless will.

The process finds its reflection in religion in a shift of emphasis and conception. Christianity, as presented by the Churches, is now a religion of social implication. It no longer takes the world's system or lack of system for granted. It is precisely that which is increasingly being challenged by the Churches.

Thus, it is much more important now for the Church that its ethical attitude, its practical view, should correspond to the realities of social development than that its theology should accord with modern science and knowledge. There has been a great deal of insistence, in recent years—*e.g.*, by Bishop Barnes—that one of the chief reasons for the decline of the Churches is the obsolete character of Christian creed and dogma, the failure of the Churches to reformulate theological concept to accord with modern science. This view, I think, is profoundly mistaken. It overestimates, ridiculously, the significance of theology in its relation to society. The vast majority of people, both inside and outside the Churches, do not think with their minds, but with their will and instinct. *What* they think is governed far more by their immediate experience and their reaction to it than by any ratiocinative process. An unemployed man has an unconscious conviction of the contradiction between a mechanistic society and a doctrine of the supreme worth of personality. And the mass of people know, by direct perception, the hopeless contradiction between the experienced facts of socialization and individual interdependence, on the one hand, and any Christian doctrine of sheer individualism, on the other.

By the same process, they are also aware of the profound contradiction between society, as it exists, and the Christian doctrine of the universe and society. Just as modern science has increasingly mechanized the Universe,* so industrial civilization has increasingly mechanized society, and subordinated personality to secondary ends, with the result that the vast

*There is arising, of course, a strong reaction to this view in later scientific speculation and philosophy.

majority of people do not feel that they are persons. Christian teaching about society, on the other hand, proclaims a personalized community, a world made safe for persons, in which the personal development and self-realization of the individual is the supreme end. Between practice and theory, between the fact and the ideal, there is a gulf which no amount of prayer and preaching alone can bridge. The man who day by day suffers the depression of his own personality in the social process is painfully aware of the mockery of the ideal. And that fact is vastly more important than any inconsistency between theology and science.

The Churches have already taken the first step towards the objective of fundamental social change by passing over from the mere individualistic content of Christianity to its social content and application. In so doing they have achieved a position from which they can speak intelligibly to the world of to-day. As we have already seen, this transition has been largely unconscious, due to the pressure of a changing Society upon ancient tradition and belief. There is at work also another pressure which is compelling the Churches, in sheer self-defence, to be active for fundamental change. And that is the pressure of economic poverty upon their resources.

Facts are stubborn things. The Churches are learning by bitter experience that, though man does not live by bread alone, without bread he cannot live at all. The decline in world markets and the comparative decline in production are reflected in straitened Church finances. Only a few years ago, the Bishop of Durham said that the time had now come for consolidation in the existing Churches of his diocese. There were no resources for expansion. Economic pressure has played its part in Methodist union. It has also played its part—by no means an insignificant one—in modifying the traditional independence of the Baptist and Congregational Churches. The decline in Church finances has compelled Christian leaders to a deeper consideration of economic factors and so to a deeper investigation of the whole social system. And all this has led, and is leading more and more, to the conviction that profound social changes are necessary. In stating this fact, one need not be cynical and contend that the Churches are advocating

social change simply because they are being hit by economic decline. Not at all. Economic decline is simply a factor to lead the Churches to a realization of the utterly unethical and anti-Christian character of a great deal of existing society. After all, that is how life works—through a profound interaction between economic and spiritual factors. There is nothing like poverty to make men realize the operation of moral and spiritual influences. The fact is that to-day the Churches are active in the advocacy of social change. They may not be active enough or sufficiently thorough-going and courageous. Nevertheless, they are active. And that is the immediate point.

By way of evidence, let us consider some of the relevant activities of the Churches.

The Christian Social Council, which is not so well known as it should be, is a body of Christians made up of representatives from the various Protestant Churches according to their membership. It has two secretaries—one Anglican, Canon Morris, and one Free Churchman, Rev. Malcolm Spencer. It also has two Chairmen—the Bishop of Southwark and Dr. A. E. Garvie. It is probably only too true that it represents a minority in the Churches. But in this respect it is similar to every other movement and institution. In all movements, whether religious or secular, it is the minority that does the work, that pioneers the new development, and that is awake to the new times and issues.

We can trace in the history of this Council the growth of the process from individualism to social Christianity. It started, in a modest way, by sporadic and tentative attempts at co-operation between the Social Service Committees of the various denominations and the Anglicans before the War. The War was a hothouse of development for every historic and social process. It immensely quickened the social processes in Christian thinking. As a result, two great Conferences were held: "Copec" in 1924 in Birmingham, which was English; and the "Life and Work" Conference in Stockholm in 1925, which was international and included the Eastern Orthodox Church. From these two Conferences there was formed the Christian Social Council which has world-wide affiliations. In

1936, it was united with the British Council of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches in the British Christian Council for International Friendship, Life and Work. These two bodies united for the object of promoting "international friendship and good-will and the application of Christian principles to the social, industrial and political problems which are of international interest."

The fundamental task is to explore and define what is meant by a Christian Social Order. For this purpose it delegates its work to a number of Committees. First, there is a Research Committee, which is continually engaged on the task of studying various social and economic problems; defining principles; indicating lines and policies of Christian Guidance, etc. Then there are the Gambling, Unemployment, Economic Reconstruction and other Committees. It publishes its results in leaflets, pamphlets and in various religious Journals.

Its work is by no means confined to the central organization. It promotes the formation of local Christian Councils of Anglican and Free Churches, which already exist in large numbers. These local councils are encouraged to study their own local problems, to undertake all kinds of practical work, e.g., local surveys of Housing; provision of recreational and vocational centres for Unemployed; propaganda by Press and Public Meeting, etc. The work of these Councils is then co-ordinated by the centre.

It exists to serve all the various Churches, which it does in a great variety of ways :—

- (1) It provides a considered judgment on any proposed application of Christianity to social questions.
- (2) It provides the services of groups of specialists in the principles of a Christian Social Order, the members of which are drawn from all Churches and all parties.
- (3) It offers the services of a representative Committee of Christian industrialists who are constantly studying the subject of Economic Reconstruction from a Christian view-point.
- (4) It also offers specialist committees each in touch with all other national bodies dealing with a particular phase of the modern problem, such as Housing and giving it special consideration from the Christian stand-point.
- (5) It helps in the organization of local efforts to increase Housing, to help the Unemployed and to educate local opinion in Christian citizenship.

- (6) It organizes Conferences, both national and local, for the discussion of all these problems.

And the Christian Social Council is only one—albeit the most outstanding—agency in the Churches working for social change. Much could be said about the work of the Industrial Christian Fellowship, and much more could be written of the work of the Social Service Committees of the various Denominations. These play a very important part in the education of opinion inside the Churches. By a service of bulletins, ministers are kept in touch with developments in sociology, international politics, certain aspects of economics, and so on.

Consequently, the charge which used to be made by the Communist Party, and is still being made by the virulent anti-Christian, that the Churches are the strongest pillars of the existing system, is altogether too sweeping and prejudiced to deserve serious consideration. Sir Stafford Cripps shows less than his usual legal capacity to weigh evidence when he states that the Archbishop of Canterbury is one of the greatest enemies of the British working class. In the face of the powerful minority movement and tendency in the Protestant Churches of Great Britain making for change, it borders on wilful blindness to see in the situation nothing but reaction and social Diehardism. At the very least it can be said that already the minority in the Churches looking toward radical change will make it impossible for the Churches to be used as instruments of reaction. That alone makes them a tremendous factor in the struggle for a new social order. (An interesting confirmation of this fact is to be found in the changed attitude of the Communist Party. Not so long ago, Communists—the leaders particularly—dismissed the Churches as sheer hypocrisy, the strongest pillars of Capitalism, and the bitterest enemies of the working-class. But to-day there is a great difference. Mr. Harry Pollitt has appeared on the same platform as the Archbishop of York. And during the last election, Lenin's book on Religion was withdrawn from sale in the Rhondda constituency which Mr. Pollitt contested. The influence and the power of the Churches, not merely in maintaining the status quo, but in changing it, is amply recognized. And so the Communist Party is seeking allies among the Churches.)

The situation I have outlined is true to the whole historical tradition of the Churches in this country, a tradition vastly different from that on the Continent. In his book on Lenin, Trotsky records Lenin's interest in the fact that Labour meetings were held in Christian Churches. Brought up, as he was, in a country where the Church was almost completely identified with the State, his astonishment was intelligible. In Germany, too, the Erastian tradition was so deeply entrenched that the Churches were never a significant power in the developing social struggle.

Here in Britain, however, and also in the U.S.A., the Churches have occupied a unique place—particularly the Free Churches. The Independents, conscious as they were of a loyalty higher than that of the State, had no scruples about opposing authority. So Puritanism, sword in hand, destroyed one State, Absolute Monarchy, the instrument of the decaying Feudal Order, and was foremost in the creation of the new Capitalist State, which, whatever its defects, has made the abolition of poverty technically possible. It is true that a good deal of the iron in the Puritan tradition has gone fluffy, and the present-day successors of Cromwell wear softer shoes. But the tradition is still alive. Just as the Free Churches in their origin warred against a social system that was historically exhausted, so to-day, in all the Churches, are men and women with vision enough, and courage enough, to struggle for a new system.

The national psychology is on their side. Many are the jeers at Puritanism. But no amount of jeering can alter the fact that Puritanism has so deeply influenced the national soul, that reforms, before they can be effected, must be moralized. That is what Puritanism did. It interpreted historic tendency as a moral process. That is the strength of the Churches to-day. It is quite true that there has been a great numerical decline in Church congregations. Not many people go to Church, but the unconscious mind of the great majority is still held captive. They must be convinced of moral necessity before they lend their support. It isn't enough to show the irrationality of a social system to secure its alteration. It isn't enough to show, however clearly, that a particular social order has fulfilled its historic task, and has emptied itself of all progressive possibility. It has to be shown that it is actually immoral before the people

can be moved. What made the slave issue a burning one in the American Civil War was the conviction that it was a national sin. That is our Puritan legacy.

And this constitutes another fact which makes of the Churches so powerful an influence in social change. The conscious, ordered use of that power can make the difference between social change that is violent and one that is peaceful. Marxists never tire in reminding us that no basic change from one system to another has ever taken place without violence and resistance and that Britain will prove no exception to the rule. Historic probability, however, does not constitute future certainty. The fact that history has hitherto acted only in one way is not proof that it will act in no other way. Nothing is inevitable until it has happened. It is quite true that basic change in Russia was violent. It is quite true that the threat of basic change in Germany was met also by violence. But in both these situations, there was absent a factor which in Great Britain is present—a Church becoming increasingly conscious of the moral necessity for change.

There follow two fairly obvious conclusions. First, it will be the crassest folly on the part of the progressive forces, in whatever field of social action, to ignore the Churches and to underestimate their tremendous influence. If one were administering a prescription, one would be tempted to say to the advocates of any thorough-going reform: 'get the Churches interested; and win their sympathy and support.' Take, for example, the nation-wide protest against the Japanese attack on China. At every step of the agitation, the help of the Churches should be enlisted. Already prominent Church leaders have appeared on the same platform as political leaders. Individual Churches have passed resolutions of protest. And the Congregational Union has done the same. The responsible co-operation of the Churches will enhance the successful prospect of the national protest. A similar line of action could be pursued on other specific issues, such as Malnutrition, Unemployment, Cost of Living, etc. To ignore the Churches is to court, if not failure, then needless difficulty in achieving success.

The second conclusion is that the Churches will be even more foolish if they fail to realize the great opportunities that lie at

their doors to-day, and reject chances for co-operation with social forces outside their borders. The task of preserving European Civilization, with its priceless heritage of personal freedom and development, is no boy's job. Even yet there is a most alarming failure to realize the terrible spiritual significance of the forces that have been unleashed by Fascism in Central Europe. To see in Fascism *only* the adoption of a new position of defence of Capitalism is terribly superficial. It is much, much more than that. It is the threatening triumph of a philosophy that will distort and pervert the very shape of the human soul. It is the essential historical denial of everything that Christianity and Europe mean. The Churches alone cannot save Europe. It is quite certain that the secular forces cannot do it. Both together *can* do it.

In such co-operation the Churches will be able to speak to the mind of our time with a new accent, an accent that will awaken the spirit of man to a new contemplation of reality and truth. The world for long has been "too much with us." What is needed to-day is a new vision of the sweep and future of historic movement; not the absorption in what has been and is, but concern with what yet has to be achieved. It is this mind and this vision which the Churches have in their power to create.

THE TYPEWRITER.

BY PHILIP ARNALL.

IT had responded magnificently when, at moments of poetic frenzy, Augustus had rushed upon it and thrashed out burning lines. Rocking under the rain of impacts, the carriage tearing along the guides, the bell clanging like a fire-engine, it had set up new records of speed and power. It had known, also, how to wait patiently, quietly, during the periods when inspiration failed ; it had suffered in silence those moments of anguish known to every artist when it seems that the creative power has for ever departed. And when, overcome by the poignancy of some of his own lines, Augustus had bent over it and permitted the tears to flow freely among the keys and into the works, it had sympathetically allowed a small drop of oil to fall on the table. (After all, in this age of machinery a poet's Muse, if she is really a devoted girl, has as much right to disguise herself as a typewriter as to go about looking like a bathing beauty with a lyre).

Aunt Matilda had given it to him when he had vowed to her several years ago that he would be a poet....a *modern* poet that is. And, being a modern poet, it was essential, as he explained to Aunt Matilda, that he should typewrite everything and never attempt to write a single couplet in pen and ink. Pen and ink were *passé*. To-day one dictated or one typed. Sourly and cynically she had agreed to give him the best portable typewriter that money could buy. But she presented it with a bad grace, saying that she did not hold with poetry anyhow and that he would never succeed at it—and why didn't he take up something sensible like selling vacuum cleaners.

Those words had stung him and made him determine not to accept any further monetary assistance from her until he had achieved triumphant success—unless she pressed him to do so. So he took the smallest and cheapest room he could find and typed and typed and typed.

At first he had to familiarize himself with the instrument upon which he would eventually produce his Great Work. So he wrote :

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the pa5ty.

Aunt Matilda did not press him, so he continued to type and type and type. He advanced through :

The quick brown fox jumps right over the lazy dog,

to his own original creations ; startling works of the most violent modernity. He typed and typed and typed. Sometimes his typewriter helped him by giving his work a faintly James Joycean air. When he meant to say " A pitch dark night," it wrote : " A potch dagle nute." But, apart from two short compositions which were accepted by an obscure review, he had no success—no commercial success that is. He and his typewriter knew the *true* value of his verse. He was undaunted—his typewriter was undaunted.

Although born for some superior chromium-plated office, to be tapped by the delicate, crimson finger-tips of some unbelievably beautiful stenographer, the typewriter stood by him magnificently. It suffered the deprivations of a poet's life, and a misunderstood poet at that. It bore with the appalling little room which was all he could afford. It had literally associated itself with Augustus and it remained loyal from space-bar to platen.

And now at last a book of poems had been accepted for publication without the publishers asking Augustus to pay—*Poems* by Augustus Mere. Augustus felt deep within him—rather as he *felt* his verse—that the work would succeed. The critics would hail it as the work of a new and significant poet. The *Morning Times* would devote a column to it. He would buy fifty, no, one hundred copies and send them to his friends. Yes, at least one hundred copies. He would send one copy to Aunt Matilda with the column marked. She would send him a cheque for two or three hundred pounds. He would refuse it. She would beg him to come and see her. Publishers would "approach" him. Money would begin to pour in—but that didn't matter really. The thing that mattered was that his work would at last be accepted. He would be established as a

poet. There would, incidentally, be plenty of money. That was inevitable. He would be able to buy a Bentley. And a radiogramophone. But that really did not interest him either. He would have proved his merit as a poet. Yes, he would certainly send the *Morning Times* cutting to Aunt Matilda without comment. Perhaps he would also send her a copy of the book as well. She would disapprove of it, obviously. She always disapproved of everything he wrote. But she would especially disapprove of this work because, the subject of most of the poems was love and not your old-fashioned love with chocolate-box trimmings, but the New Love, love in the raw mechanical, rasping, brutal, bleeding, blasted love. But even while she disapproved she would admire. Probably she would press him to accept a cheque for £400. He would have nothing to do with it.

Augustus smiled with satisfaction as he thought of the thudding Horse Power of his verse. He extended a hand towards his typewriter and declaimed a passage from the poem which, he believed, would be most widely commented upon :—

Upon this flesh may lacerated wheels
 Lancinate pleasure. Bite
 with the inconsequent canines of perforating lust
 insufferable nightmares. Rhythmic explosions of
 eternally retreating pistons.
 Flash the banners of flesh to flush your triturerated virgins.
 Pam, pam, pam.
 Violet is the Signature of a female's mortgage in millimetres.
 Cry for the tie of trial and error.
 And error tries my red eye.
 And error.
 Pam, pam.

It was powerful stuff. He would send a copy to Aunt Matilda and, separately, he would send her a copy of the *Morning Times* with the review marked. He thought of the other friends to whom he would send copies. Yes, he would buy one hundred. The occasion would be historic and would warrant the expense. He gave the typewriter a pat of appreciation on the space bar. It gave a single, contented click.

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Mr. Stanley Hippotrace of the *Morning Times* saw lying upon his desk a slim volume from the publishing house of Moresby,

Moore and Moore. It was called "*Poems*, by Augustus Mere". Slipped in it was a note from the Literary Editor.

"I should like a paragraph about this by Wednesday please. Unless you feel this kind of petty pretentiousness should be thoroughly trounced when I can let you have three-quarters of a column. Let me know."

At the time Mr. Hippotrace did not look into the book; for the Editor of the *Morning Times* had asked him to do the leading article on the cotton industry and the new government regulations, and he was anxious to catch the 8.5 train home to get to a little bridge-party. So he sat down before his typewriter and began:

For some time past it had been apparent to all close students of the cotton industry, that some kind of governmental intervention would eventually become necessary in the matter of what has been termed the "shortage hours." While the effects of the new government regulations, which are set out in detail in our news columns, cannot as yet be foreseen with any degree of certainty, yet it will freely be conceded that they represent a bold and, on the whole, a carefully constructed measure for the amelioration of the present situation....

Mr. Hippotrace wrote on, his thoughts occasionally straying to the bridge party which he would attend on his return home, but only when a sentence had been begun which fell into one of the standard moulds adopted by the *Morning Times* and so could be trusted to complete itself without further aid. For Mr. Hippotrace had been hammering out leading articles on his typewriter for so many years that when once it got started, he was able to work in a state of semi-consciousness, writing on one subject and dreaming about another. He finished his article. He caught the 8.5. He played bridge. He sat up late. He drank an enormous amount of iced water. He rose the next morning with a headache. He returned to the office with a headache. He read "*Poems*, by Augustus Mere" with a headache. He typewrote a column review about the book and then felt a great deal better. He was able to complete his leading article on the political situation that evening and again to catch the 8.5 to his home.

The column review of Augustus's book appeared. It was tremendous. It began:—

Experimentation is one of the essentials of continued progress in the art of poetry. But it is important that the judicious critic should distinguish clearly between genuine experimentation; experimentation which springs from an urgent call sounding within the secret recesses of the poet's

spirit pleading "like angels, trumpet-tongued," and the vulgar clangour of the self-advertising saxophone. Mr. Augustus Mere, whose previous literary achievements have escaped notice, is clearly anxious above all other things, to impress upon his readers the striking originality of Mr. Augustus Mere. Such self-adulation might be excused if it were the only fault in this small, yet pretentious volume. Another worse fault appears, however. Mr. Mere, like so many young people nowadays, is obsessed by sex. Every verse has some sexual connotation and the result of this obsession, together with the grossly physical approach of the author, is to leave an exceedingly unpleasant taste in the readers mouth. "Poems" is a book hailed by its publishers as "the first work of one of the most significant of the newer poets." We can only concede it priority in time. That it is Mr. Augustus Mere's first work is probably correct; but that his work is significant or that he is a poet, are self-evident untruths. When we have said that it is his first work, we have said all. May we hope that it will also prove to be his last work?

From this point the review went into a dissertation upon what is called "modern" poetry and in the course of it various references, all of them hostile, were made to Augustus's book. It was called "a collection of miscellaneous garbage spewed forth from the unconscious mind of an ill-adjusted adolescent;" it was stated to have cultivated obscurity for the sake of obscurity and obscenity for the sake of obscenity. It was wittily said to be "merely Mere." And finally a stern rebuke was administered to the publishers for accepting such "unutterable twaddle" and so lending encouragement where there should only be rigid disapproval.

Mr. Hippotrace was pleased with the review. It was satisfactory to get away occasionally from the carefully-balanced nothingness of leading articles, and to have a grand slam at somebody with the full force of the *Morning Times'* authority. It cheered him up so much that when it appeared in the paper next day he read it through from beginning to end, chuckling occasionally. There was no doubt about it; a really strong criticism was always good journalism. It was immensely readable. Still smiling, he cut it out and put it in a drawer where he kept his more striking contributions.

Contentment suffused him. No inkling of the extraordinary and probably unique sequel was vouchsafed him; no thought entered his mind of the effects which his review might be having upon the one reviewed. The possibility that a piece of "good journalism" might have repercussions of a remarkable and unexpected kind did not present itself. Yet in less than three

months Mr. Hippotrace, unknowingly, witnessed one of the results of his review.

He had made a few pounds on the stock exchange and with this in his pocket he went about feeling that he could treat himself to any little thing he wanted. But he sternly forbade himself luxuries. And he wanted very little, for his ordinary needs were fully catered for in his ordinary budget. So he indulged the pleasure of looking into shop windows. And one day he noticed in the window of a secondhand typewriter shop a portable instrument of superior make. His own typewriter was of an ancient pattern and he felt that a slightly better one might be worth getting. Moreover he would be buying something which would aid him in his "work," so it would not be a luxury. The one he now looked upon seemed in perfect condition and was splendidly polished and clean, yet the price was only seven pounds, ten shillings. He entered the shop.

"Curiously enough," said the salesman, "this instrument has only just come in. The gentleman who sold it seemed quite upset. Quite definitely upset he was, sir."

"Is it in good order?"

"Perfect order, sir. And we're only able to sell it at so low a price because the gentleman who brought it had lost all his money. It's a definite bargain. The young gentleman was a poet. He got the typewriter as a present. He was most upset. In fact, sir, tears were in his eyes when he handed it to us. Definitely. But I always said poetry's out of date. It can't compete with the films as a business proposition."

"A poet, eh?" said Mr. Hippotrace with a twinkle. "Lots of people *think* they are poets. But I often wonder how many really *are*."

How surprised the salesman would be, thought Mr. Hippotrace if he knew he were talking to Hippotrace of the *Morning Times*, critic and leader writer. Mr. Hippotrace rather enjoyed the position. It gave him a sense of hidden power.

"There are poets and poets, you know. If everyone who called himself a poet, could enter into the kingdom of this highest form of literary expression . . . well, well, well; we should have a great deal too many books of verse being published." Mr. Hippotrace laughed. The salesman laughed and did so

realistically and so admiringly that Mr. Hippotrace decided to try the typewriter. It was got out of the window with infinite care, the salesman wiping from where it had stood a little drop of oil, and placed it on a desk. The salesman took a slip of paper and ran it in.

He wrote :- The quick brown fox jumps right over the lazy dog.

Then he wrote :- We quickly extemporized just six rafts to leave the sinking gunboat.

Mr. Hippotrace inspected the writing. Then he tried the typewriter himself. He used only three fingers of the right hand and two of the left and his touch was not light. But he was quick. Years of practice in writing against the clock had made him quick. He took the paper out and read the words.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the pa5ty.

"It seems quite admirable," he said, then looked at the paper more closely.

"That's curious," he added. "I see I have written a 5 instead of an R. I am usually accurate."

"Perhaps the touch is rather new to you, sirerit's a beautiful touch."

But Mr. Hippotrace was examining the paper even more closely.

"Now I come to think of it, I don't remember writing the last three words at all," he said. "I stopped at 'aid'...at least I thought I did."

"Evidently, sir, you must have gone on....unless the typewriter wrote the last three words of its own accord, huh, huh, huh!" The salesman laughed modestly at his little quip. Mr. Hippotrace stared at the instrument, thought for a moment, and then paid his money. "You've got a fine typewriter there, sir," said the salesman. "You'll find it will help you in your work. It'll practically do your writing for you, sir, huh, huh, huh! Definitely."

When at the leader writers' conference, the Editor asked Mr. Hippotrace to do a leading article on the economic crisis and the need for retrenchment in the public services, he thought with pleasure of his new instrument. He was instructed to emphasize the seriousness of the position and to point out that

only by increased national revenue or reduced national expenditure could the situation be met. He was then to discuss these two sides, powerfully and weightily, but in such a way that the paper was not committed to either of them.

"You know, Hippotrace," said the Editor, "the usual thing." Then he added, "By the way, I never congratulated you on your review of that book of poems some weeks ago. *Most* entertaining."

Mr. Hippotrace returned to his room and uncovered his newly purchased typewriter. Even as he was putting the cover down the first sentence of his leader, by force of habit, was forming in his mind. It would go :—

The economic situation as it has been revealed during the past two weeks has caused all close students of finance the gravest misgivings. Large numbers of correctives and palliatives have been proposed and there has been a spate of suggestions as to the cause and the cure. But it is important that the country should have perfectly clearly before it the issue as it stands today so that it may judge what measures are most likely to bring about that amelioration which is so necessary if trade is to continue its upward march and if the fullest use is to be made of our potential strength in the form of skilled craftsmen and raw materials. On the other side

He slipped in the paper. The article would run easily he thought, for it went into a framework with which he was familiar. It would practically write itself. He looked at his watch. There was plenty of time to do the article and catch the 8.5. While staring down at the keys of the typewriter, he permitted himself a moment of pleasurable contemplation of the game of bridge he would be able to play that evening. Then he began.

But whether it was because he was unaccustomed to the machine—although its keyboard was arranged in the same way as his old one—or for some other reason, the article did not go so easily as he had expected. He kept on striking the wrong keys and having to "X" out words and sentences. When he meant to write : "The economic situation as it has been revealed during the past two weeks," he found he had actually written : "The economic situation as it has been revealed during the post to smacks." When he meant to write : "Measures most likely to bring about that amelioration," he found he had written : "Messures most likely to grinb about that amekuilation."

It was trying, and it began to annoy Mr. Hippotrace. He hit the typewriter harder, for he was not one to be trifled with; yet it still sometimes escaped him and wrote words other than those he intended. Or occasionally it jammed solid and he had to disentangle four or five of the striking arms which had got mixed together. But the culminating misfortune of the evening, or at least the culminating misfortune of which Mr. Hippotrace was conscious at the time was when a note was brought in from the Editor. "Second leader has fallen through," it read. "Please do light short on recent poetry to fill. Take strong line about modern methods and free verse of course. As usual."

Mr. Hippotrace knew this sort of leader almost as well as his political leaders, for he was an accepted authority on poetry. With the greatest weight and solemnity, but occasionally with pieces of steam-roller satire thrown in, this type of leader inveighed against the newer poets and held up the dead ones for admiration. A leader of this kind took him about three-quarters of an hour. He looked at his watch. It might just be possible if he hurried. The 8.5 was still not entirely uncatchable. The game of bridge was not out of reach . . . if he wrote quickly.

He managed to complete the last two hundred words of the economic leader and he rang for the copy boy, handed it to him and instantly set up new paper for the other leader. He straightened his back and squared his shoulders; he gazed at the opposite wall, pursing his lips and collecting his thoughts. He must write quickly. But it was a challenge which stimulated him. He proposed to rattle off that leader at record speed.

The first sentence formed in his mind. Images crowded upon him. Go! His fingers moved. But they muddled the letters. He x-ed outs the faults and began again. There were more mistakes. He started afresh with the same result. He tore the paper out and set in a new piece.

But the typewriter, which had proved recalcitrant enough before was worse now. It would not permit his thoughts to flow. Stinging phrases about the younger poets came to him; but they appeared on paper mangled and altered until they were meaningless. He began to get desperate. He actually swore

aloud, a thing he had never been known to do before. He hit the typewriter keys harder and harder. He flung the carriage back and forth without the smallest regard for the mechanism. But the leader simply would not go.

He looked at his watch. It was 25 past 7. It took him twelve minutes to get to the station in a taxi—which meant leaving at ten minutes to 8 at latest. That left exactly twenty-five minutes in which to complete the leader. Unless his ideas flowed more freely on to the paper it could not be done. He thought of the 8.5. He thought of his game of bridge. He was obsessed with the idea of catching the 8.5.

Turning furiously upon the typewriter he slashed at the keys.

"Obscurity for the sake of obscurity," he tried to write, "is a besetting sin of the younger generation of versifiers." He looked at the words after turning up the paper and found: "Obscurviness and obfuscation are indomitably interlinked in the worsefication and the nation of its economic interests."

He wrenched the paper out, crushed it into a ball and flung it down. He slipped another sheet in and slashed again at the keys. Four jammed together. He wrenched them apart. He crashed down a letter. The ribbon got jammed. He thrust it down into place. He contemplated hurling the instrument out of the window and sending for his old one. But that would be weakness. No. He would persevere.

"Poetry," he tried to write, "is not a matter of party politics."

He looked at the paper and found: "Poet5y is not a matter of pa5ty pottytricks5."

A roar of rage escaped him. He stamped his foot and slashed out again at the typewriter. Whirling in his mind were thoughts of the 8.5, the taxi cab, 7.30, and bridge, bridge, bridge. The part of his intellect that ought to have been composing seemed to turn to a whirl of confused images. The tension and feeling of hurry overwhelmed him. He hammered at the keys with the fury of desperation. And then suddenly something seemed to break down within him. It was as if a tearing pain had been suddenly removed, as if some easing drug had been administered. In a sort of trance he found his fingers

flying easily over the keys. He was hardly conscious of directing them.

It was as if a brake had been taken off. He did not pause or hesitate. The tapping of the keys sounded like a roll on the snare drum, punctuated at regular but extraordinarily short intervals by the *ting* of the bell. Never had he typed faster. The copy paper poured from the cylinder, and at eleven minutes to 8 he rang for the messenger, gathered up the sheets, handed them to him and raced to a taxi.

His evening was most enjoyable. He caught the 8.5; he played bridge; he engaged in serious and eminently satisfying conversation, pontificating in a manner almost as solemn as his articles. Mr. Hippotrace went to bed among the happiest of men.

At 8.15. the next day Mr. Hippotrace was still sleeping, with a faint but contented smile upon his face. At 8.16 the telephone bell in the hall began to ring. It rang urgently. It was answered vaguely by the housemaid. Mrs. Hippotrace was called. She went in a fluster of dressing gown and called Mr. Hippotrace.

The Editor of the *Morning Times* was on the telephone and wished to speak to Hippotrace personally and at once. Mr. Hippotrace was at first annoyed at being called so much before his appointed time, but when he heard that the Editor was on the other end of the line, he cheered up a little.

"That paper!" he exclaimed, half humorously, "it simply cannot do anything without assistance."

"Hallo, hallo," he said on the telephone and then listened to this amazing speech from his Editor, a speech which, from the gaspings and bubbings which accompanied it, was delivered under the stress of emotion.

"What on earth did you imagine you were doing last night, Hippotrace. What on *earth* . . . I don't know if this is intended to be a jest; but if so it is in the poorest taste and brings the paper into disrepute. It's, it's, it's—incredible! I warn you that I take a most serious view of the whole thing. It's not only that you have deliberately disobeyed my instructions; but you have contradicted yourself in a way that makes you and the paper ridiculous. I am—I am dumbfounded. You will

come and see me at the office at 11.30 and I shall have to decide what steps must be taken about the matter—11.30, mind. Nothing like this has ever before happened in the history of the *Morning Times*. Nothing.” Then indignation seemed to overwhelm the editor. His voice rose almost to a scream—“Pam, pam, pam, indeed!” he shouted and with a crash the receiver went down.

Mr. Hippotrace, white and shaky, rushed to the hall and seized his copy of the *Morning Times* from the tray. He had not read through his second leader. He might have made a mistake in it, and his leaders were never queried by the readers or sub-editors. Visions of libel actions and £50,000 damages floated before him.

That must be it. A bad error must have gone through. What quotations did he use? What names did he mention? He could not remember. Curiously enough he could not remember what he had written in that second leader. He could not remember anything about it except that he had written it with great rapidity. He could not recall a single sentence. His mind was a complete blank on the subject.

He opened the paper with a trembling hand and read, with gathering astonishment and horror, his leading article on modern poetry. It was nothing more nor less than a paean of praise of one, Augustus Mere, modern poet and all his works. It hailed him as “the most significant of the younger poets,” it took him as an encouraging indication that there was to be a revival of Great Poetry. Mr. Hippotrace almost choked when he saw that, approvingly and admiringly, the article—his article—quoted:

Violet is the signature of a female's mortgage in millimetres.
Cry for the tie of trial and error
And error tries my red eye
And error
Pam, pam.

It turned Mr. Hippotrace physically sick by alluding to the “sparkling cascade of associations” evoked by the words and it said, “quite frankly,” that here was one whose future achievements all lovers of poetry would watch with the greatest interest and attention.

Mr. Hippotrace tried to command his reeling brain and to think back to the previous evening and to understand what had happened. His mind was a blank upon everything except that he had been pressed for time. But that was by no means unusual, and although he had sometimes made mistakes, attributing quotations to the wrong authors, and getting figures wrong, he had never before done anything like this. He must have been ill—very ill. At any rate that was the only explanation he could find.

When he saw the Editor, he tried to excuse himself by saying that he had had a sudden feeling of faintness and had suddenly gone dizzy. But he did not entirely believe it himself. The Editor stormed in a way that Hippotrace had never previously witnessed.

Still smarting under a sense of injustice, still shaken, he sat in front of the typewriter trying to remember. He began to type the first words that came into his head. He turned up the paper and read what he had written :—

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the pa5ty.

He looked at the 5 in the middle of the last word. He stayed very still, gazing at it. He peered into the typewriter. He gazed at it intently and gradually his expression changed. His eyes glared at the supine instrument with furious hatred.

Then, deliberately, he took hold of it at the two sides and raised it from the desk. He went to the lift and, still carrying the typewriter, was taken down to the entrance hall of the *Morning Times*. So absorbed was he in what he was doing that he did not notice a youth who had come from the circulation department bearing a load of many copies of that morning's *Morning Times*. Mr. Hippotrace did not observe the youth or the way in which he stared at the typewriter he held. He passed him by and, solemnly, and with a sacrificial expression, all hatred having now been purged in the thought of the rite he was about to perform, he walked across the hall to the magnificent front entrance with its marble steps. He walked down the marble steps towards the street where thundered the heavy, six-wheel lorries carrying rolls of newsprint. He walked across the pavement until he came to the curb, and now a strange new Druidical light began to shine in his eyes.

Still acting with the utmost deliberation, he raised the typewriter high above his head and, bending his body as if to wind up his strength, he flung it crashing into the gutter. It hit the edge of the curb, rolled into the road and, with a faint "ting" of its bell, as if sending out one last desperate call for help, it lay still.

Mr. Hippotrace straightened his back, wiped his hands together, turned and stalked up the steps.

But that despairing "ting;" that faint S.O.S. from the instrument which lay battered in the gutter, to be submerged at any moment by the great rolling lorries, that instrument which had risked all in a tremendous gesture of loyalty, that last call had been heard.

Even as Mr. Hippotrace turned, a youth, bearing one hundred copies of the *Morning Times* was racing to the rescue. He tore past Mr. Hippotrace, bent down and, with his free hand, grabbed up the typewriter and clutched it to his bosom.

Aunt Matilda, reading the marked copy of the *Morning Times* which her nephew had sent her; and then reading the book of poems he had also sent her, decided that there was a worse possibility than that Augustus should fail to establish himself as a poet; and that was that he should succeed. That would be too dreadful. A lawyer was called; arrangements were made; and now Augustus bought that radiogramophone and that Bentley. The typewriter, beautifully cleaned and polished, was placed on a functional desk in a functional flat. Its function was occasionally to write epigrams and short witty letters. In fact its life was one of luxury.

It might have still been enjoying that life, but Augustus, possibly as a result of the influence of the Bentley and the radiogramophone, suddenly married a robust, open-air girl with no patience for poetry. Shortly after they had married she awakened him one night and said she thought she heard burglars—for even open-air girls hear burglars.

Augustus listened acutely. He heard a faint clicking sound on the stairs and then the sound of the front door shutting softly. He went and looked round the flat. Everything was in its place except the typewriter, and that was never seen again. After all, a poet's Muse has a right to be jealous, even if she is only a typewriter.

TOWARDS AN INDO-BRITISH COMMONWEALTH.

BY SIR K. N. HAKSAR.

INDIA'S salvation lies in expanding or metamorphosing the British Commonwealth of free European Nations into an Indo-British Commonwealth. And India's opportunity to impart that character and to broaden the basis of the British Commonwealth by a definite and convincing declaration of her Policy—convincing by a public pledge and whole-hearted action, when the time comes, in accord with that pledge—is NOW.

In a recent utterance the President of the Congress has pronounced that Federation for India as created by the Act of 1935 "is a monstrosity which cannot be accepted in any shape or form." He agrees that the "Gandhi-Irwin pact accepted the idea of Federation and most thinking people in India believe that some kind of Federation must ultimately be established in India," but he refrains, perhaps intentionally, from committing himself to that view.

There is some hope, however, that if by a majority the Working Committee of the Congress decided that an attempt should be made to work the Federation, even if only with a half-hearted idea of wrecking it, he would not prove unduly recalcitrant; for earlier on in the statement from which we have just quoted, he had stated that "having regard to the clear policy of the Congress in regard to the proposed Federation, any person to agree to this Federation or anything like it behind the backs of the Congress would be betraying the interests of the Congress and as such the Nation." It would be perhaps unfair to italicize the words "behind the backs of the Congress," but they leave room for hope.

Nevertheless, it seems certain that the Indian National Congress, at its annual December meeting, will direct fierce criticism against the basic conception of the present Federal

Constitution. Great force will be lent to this criticism by the fact that there are now Congress Ministeries in all the Provinces save Bengal and the Punjab; so that the attack upon the federal scheme cannot be dismissed as the logical consequence of a policy of non-co-operation. Nor can much comfort be derived from the position in the two Provinces with a Muslim Government; for the recent triumph of Mr. Jinnah, one of the most formidable opponents of Federation, in the Muslim League, will assuredly exercise a considerable influence upon the policy of Sir Sikandar Hayat Khan, the Prime Minister of the Punjab, and upon his opposite number, Mr. Fazl Huq, in Bengal.

The key to the Congress criticism of the proposed Federal Constitution is that it is undemocratic. How will this charge be substantiated? On the ground that the Act does not permit adult suffrage? Or on the ground that it provides separate electorates for the various communities composing the Indian "nation"? Or because it reserves or excludes from the vote of the Legislature several items of national activity and organization and the expenditure incidental thereto? The protection of the services and of the rights of British traders by the prohibition to discriminate against them for the benefit of indigenous Industry will no doubt come in as a make-weight in the argument. But the main attack will probably be on the representation accorded to the States in the Federal Legislature.

Voters and Legislators—present and to-be—have already been instructed and addressed as follows:—

"While Provincial Autonomy is an illusion, the Federation is dangerous. It is a deliberate trap to entrench vested interests in solid foundation, and it is for the people to do everything in their power to see that the Federation is killed before it is born."

Yet the party that has consistently denounced the Act in accepting Office has already accepted the Act. Congress has done more. In obtaining the assurance which it demanded, it has itself given the assurance that all measures, presumably executive as well as legislative, will be such as are warranted by the constitution as it is—so far as it governs the Provincial sphere. Therefore, as the constitution stands, it is clear that Federation must inevitably follow Provincial Autonomy (the federal section of the Government of India Act being an integral part of a composite whole), so long as the number of States

entitled to 52 seats in the Council of State, and whose aggregate population amounts to one-half of the total population of the States, signify their accession. (It would also have so followed if the particular six Provinces had continued to be governed by Ministries whom a minority, and not the majority, of elected members of the Provincial Legislative Councils had put into power).

As regards the representation of the States, an out-of-date obsession tends to inhibit present-day judgment; little allowance is made for the spirit of the age, still less for the changes that have already occurred. It is forgotten that the people of the States—backward in education though they be—will not need any exhortation or preaching from the leaders of their neighbours to clamour, sooner than some may think, for a recognition of their right to make their voice heard.

The Act certainly empowers Rulers of States to *nominate* their representatives in the Federal Houses. It has, accordingly, been at once taken for granted that State representatives will be one and all nominated, and, therefore, unlike the representatives of British India, who will reflect the mind of the peoples of the Provinces or of British India as a whole, will merely voice the behests of their Rulers. This assumption is almost universally made—in spite of the outstanding fact of the present era, namely that economic interests dominate all national policies. It is forgotten that in Federation there can be no more preponderant regard for British *versus* Indian interests than there can be basic conflict of interest between British and “Indian” India, and, hence, voting in the Federal Legislature on most of the measures proposed will be along the line of regional interests, unless the Government of India Act is a magic wand, capable of transforming human nature. Further, assuming that the representatives of the States reflect the minds of their Rulers, those minds themselves will not be moulded and determined, by individual idiosyncrasies or by what some might consider to be the sinister designs, the insidious subterfuges, the innuendoes and the dictation of the Crown Department. They will be influenced and made up by consideration of their own interests, which in the most important sphere of economics will coincide with those of their subjects. Nevertheless, let us

estimate the possibilities, present in many minds in British India, of the nomination to the Council and the Assembly of reactionary favourites of the Princes or their slavish die-hard officers.

On this point an examination of the Table as given in Part II. of the First Schedule of the Act, against the background of positive facts, will be found illuminating. The larger States which have more than one seat in each House have in their service men no less patriotic than those in the British Indian Provinces. Is it a well-grounded apprehension that the representatives of Mysore, Kashmir, Baroda, Travancore, Cochin, or even of Gwalior, Bhopal, and Bikaner will be the obscurantist nominees of the Rulers of those States? And, so far as States having fractional representation are concerned, will their representatives—nominated or otherwise—plough their lonely furrows on the *terrain* of their Rulers' choosing? Will they not more probably take their cue from those of their *confrères* who in party consultations and in debate in the Houses will outshine them in knowledge and in the power to argue and to persuade? It has also to be remembered that Money Bills upon which depends the country's economic salvation will, in spite of the fact that the functions of the two Houses are co-ordinate, be introduced in the Lower, the popular, House, where British India is in a majority of 250 to 125, while the British Indian majority in the Council of State is 156 to 104.

The experience of Provincial Autonomy, though so far very limited, has already shown how little the Governors are minded to queer the pitch of their go-ahead Ministries. There seems to be no reason to suppose that, in connexion with the Centre, the Governor-General would be less tolerant *vis-à-vis* his own Cabinet than the Governors of the Provinces. As regards the Services, with their admitted die-hard tradition, one recent incident and one recent testimony of the Minister of a democratic Province are worthy to be recalled.

A Chief Secretary attended the inauguration of the Legislative Council in a suit of khaddar presented to him by the Provincial Premier.

And the Minister in question testified to the "ungrudging assistance" rendered by his European officers who "seem to

have an innate respect for the law, whose sense of discipline and the necessary adaptability to the conditions sanctioned by law compels admiration."

What if certain Governors and certain members of the Services may dislike, though for other reasons, the Act as much as the Congress professes to do? Do they not also find the new orientation which they have had to adopt a far more interesting position than that of old? If so, there is now the chance to slough the skin of a *fin de siècle* weariness from which some at least avowedly suffered.

* * * *

The mutual distrust, of those who influenced Parliamentary opinion in shaping the Act and those who are endeavouring to "remould it nearer to their hearts' desire," has been a distrust of motive and intention. But, this initial distrust apart, there undoubtedly exists, both in the States, generally, and even among the selfless members of the Services (this, of course, suffices for suspicion of an unholy alliance) the fear that power alike in the Provinces and at the Centre may pass, as has happened elsewhere, from the hands of high-principled, courageous, patriotic men into those of idealists with no experience of administration—into the hands of avowed wreckers of the social order, of those who, in the name of Democracy, would surrender to the mob the helm of the State.

So much for the obverse: let us now look at the reverse of the medal.

British India despises the States as antediluvian despotisms, irresponsive to the "popular demand"—a misapplied phrase—except for conferences of so-called States' subjects held in British India, predominantly attended and presided over by British Indians with a sprinkling of one-time State subjects but now, for all practical purposes, British Indians, to judge by their slogans and shibboleths. Against this, the Rulers of States who, in their own fashion, do their best to look after their subjects, do not for their part look up with unmingled respect to the British Indian idealists who, for attaining their chosen goal, insist that the States' polity must be cast in their own indented mould.

But, setting aside the antagonism which the anti-States campaign launched since 1929 in British India has engendered,

these relics of Indian Self-Government who are, by solemn Treaties and Engagements, the "Friends and Allies" of the British Government, do, as it happens, feel themselves betrayed by that Government—to this extent that it has allowed conditions to arise which have placed their lives in jeopardy, and its own supremacy in a precarious predicament. In entertaining this feeling, the States display a very deficient appreciation of the genius of the British race and of its national history. They overlook the fact that, apart from England's deliberate policy of making India fit to manage her own affairs—a policy which has been steadily pursued for at least seventy years and more—an alien race can only base its rule on the consent and affection of the ruled. Consequently, Treaties or no Treaties, the British Government, however tardily, is bound to make concessions to the popular will. It is obtruding ultra-idealism into mundane affairs and applying to a problem of statecraft principles of ethics found discarded even in the "Song Celestial" to expect the British Government to disregard the wish—especially when it becomes a united wish—of 273 millions of people for the sake of "keeping faith," at the highest estimate, with 600 Rulers of States—big and small—or even the eighty million people whom they represent. The States' subjects do not, of course, come into the question of honouring pledges; what is more, many of them may be desiring—who knows?—at this moment that the general demand of 273 millions should prevail.

Though it has been argued, and argued with profound conviction, that the operation of the Government of India Act of 1935 will dispel British Indian suspicion of the rôle of the States' representatives—as successors of the official *bloc* of a former day—and eliminate all apprehension of conflict of interests, even so, the remedy, immediately applicable, for disarming distrust, however unmerited and unjustified, lies in the hands of Their Highnesses the Princes.

The writer assumes he is not offending against the Official Secrets Act in recording that exactly ten years ago the Viceroy of India (Lord Irwin) outlined in a Memorandum which he made the time to write and confidentially to circulate, the preliminary steps which Their Highnesses might take to become universally

beloved by their subjects, to silence criticism of their governance, and thus to ensure their own peace of mind. He definitely did not advocate the immediate introduction of representative institutions in the States: he only recommended that their rule might be stamped with the standard seal, i.e., that the rule of Law should be inaugurated in real earnest.

The response at the time seemed to be wide and cordial. The records of the "Narendra Mandal" (the Chamber of Princes) should contain many an assurance of reforms to that the régime indicated might be introduced as soon as practicable; but the progress made has been halting and within narrow limits. What progress there has been, has come, in the case of one or two States, through the Rulers themselves from an appreciation of world tendencies and their future effect on the local situation. All honour to those Rulers. Elsewhere, advance was made, in a fairly long stride, as the joint result of clamour by the public, itself comparatively well-educated and living in close proximity to go-ahead British Provinces, and of the obstreperousness displayed by some onward-looking Ministers. The need still remains for the adoption by the rest of the States—the majority—of a policy analogous to that announced by the British Government twenty years ago. The Rulers' announcements may take the form that their policy hereafter is going to be the increasing association of their subjects in every branch of the administration—with a view to the progressive realization of the ideal of devolving responsibility for the government of the State upon those subjects.

Even this must, in sympathy with the spirit of the Age, be preceded by two fundamental measures:—

- (1) The definite fixation of the Privy Purse to comprehend all personal and household expenses, accompanied by the liberation of the rest of the State's revenues for manipulation by Ministers who should be made responsible to determine the apportionment of funds according to public needs—whether it be rural uplift, the augmentation of educational facilities, Public Health, Medical Relief or Co-operative Credit;
- (2) The abstention from direct intervention with the day to day discharge of their appointed duties by chosen Ministers, according to well-defined powers, until the stage is reached for the Ruler's orders, which orders should not normally or lightly ignore advice tendered.

This done, the residual need of the States will be a determined push for the expansion of Education services and the gradual

development of existing nuclei of elective Assemblies. These measures, besides doing justice to their subjects, will win the sympathy of the radicals across their borders. Some Rulers may scorn to win that sympathy, but they cannot ignore the claims of their own subjects, if only because during recent years they have stood forth as the champions of the rights of those subjects and proclaimed themselves to the world as standing to them *in loco parentis*. And, as those subjects have not yet urged their claims with any insistence, their recognition now, before the demand becomes aggressive and minatory, will be an act of the highest wisdom. What is more, such recognition will help India by enabling, indeed ensuring, the smooth working of the Federation—a scheme of government which the Princes in 1930 thought, and rightly, provided a better solution than any other, then possible, of their country's problem—British India's and their own. It cannot be gainsaid that in serving India the States will ultimately help themselves. The contrary can only be argued, though never demonstrated, if a really vast landscape is viewed from the acutest angle and the individualistic standpoint. The Federation is a merger in which all the participating companies will benefit equally in proportion to their assets.

On this globe, which Science to-day has so narrowed, the most patriotic of us cannot aid our country to the full if we shut our eyes to the world outside our own land. The day for Little Indians has passed, as has the day for Little Englanders. Isolationism, be it social, intellectual, or economic, is but blind obscurantism. That is why the President of the Congress, a man of many travels like Odysseus, though perhaps a man of fewer wiles, keeps his gaze centred on the international situation, as any political realist must do. No one comprehends better than he that India cannot remain unaffected by world conditions. And if British India with its Provinces cannot remain thus unaffected, no less can Indian India with its States.

GREECE : A MATURE DICTATORSHIP

BY GEORGE PENDLE

WHEN, on a hot night in August, 1936, General Metaxás placed his machine-guns at street corners, abolished Parliament, and banished his opponents ("Communists," he called them) to the barren island of Anáfi, everyone said "It cannot last."

Metaxás announced : " I shall become a sort of modern monk. I shall renounce everything in the world, and shall live only for Greece." Athenians chuckled. They had heard that tale before. If they chuckled too loudly, they were given a glass of castor oil to swallow. They had not experienced that before.

The dictatorship continued. It had no programme, except to make Greece strong and united. It had no popular support. Mass demonstrations were organized by the Government. The newspapers printed photographs of ten thousand upturned, flashlit faces ; of banners carried, fir-branches waved, bouquets presented ; but nobody pretended that this enthusiasm was spontaneous. Strange little ceremonies were performed : On the 19th October, 1936, Metaxás publicly congratulated three children " who had had the courage to smack the face of a man who was impudently distributing Communist tracts." On the 8th February, 1937, in the Athens vegetable market a delegation presented to Kodzias (the Minister for the Capital) " a magnificent electric lamp as symbol of the light which General Metaxás holds to illuminate the avenue down which he is guiding Hellenism." And so on.

Greeks of all classes were astonished at the survival of the dictatorship. So many stupid decrees had been published ; so many ridiculous speeches had been made ; so many valuable liberties had been destroyed. Metaxás, speaking at Kifissia (13/9/36) had said that the Press would no longer be free, but

must follow him like soldiers in battle, "never consulting the general, nor criticizing him, nor exchanging opinions with him, but always having confidence in him." Speaking to the editor of *Vradini* a few days later the Leader said that the basis of his educational system would be the subjection of children to "disciplined attachment to a single purpose, rhythmic repetition at regular intervals of the same thought, the same sentence, the same movements." He also announced that music had no part in his system, but that drama on the classical model must be produced. "I have noticed (he said) that in the modern Greek theatre the technique is not dramatic. None of our modern playwrights has yet attained to the rank of Sophocles. Therefore, in future, our classic dramatists must be taken as models." A decree signed by George II. at Corfu (15/9/36) established

"Penalty of deportation for whoever in writing or verbally or in any other way directly or indirectly encourages the propagation, the development, or the application of theories or ideas or social, religious or economic systems tending to undermine the established order."

An official circular of October, 1936, stated :

"The police, when the postal censors hand to them suspect correspondence, are authorized to search the offices or the home of the sender or of the addressee of the correspondence."

A decree (8/10/36) provided that :

"Postal or telephone employees who overhear a telephonic conversation, whether official or private, that is subversive of the laws, good habits, public order, or safety of the State, should at once report it to the Government. But [it was added] the conversations of the King and members of the Royal Family and the Prime Minister are subject to no restriction, and it is forbidden to listen-in to them.

Speaking to University professors and to school teachers at Salonika, Metaxás said : "I cannot allow any one of you to have ideas that are different from those of the State. And I insist that you must not only hold our ideas but believe in them and work for them with enthusiasm."

Day after day, cynically, the people of Greece heard or read these utterances and decrees, which seemed to them to be so ill-devised and so un-Greek in spirit, Metaxás, they knew, had been educated in Germany and had persuaded (disastrously) King Constantine to back Germany during the Great War. Godzias had been to Italy to study the technique of Mussolini.

The newly-returned monarch had been trapped by these men, the alternative Party leaders, Kondylis, Venizelos, Tsaldaris, and even the middleman, Demerdzis, having suddenly, almost simultaneously, died. If a strong movement against Metaxás could be organized, his overthrow would bring with it the fall of the King. It would be a pity to recreate the political chaos of 1934-1935. Better to leave the King time to appreciate the folly of the Government, and to allow Metaxás to disappear quietly in the face of ridicule.

Yet the régime persists. The other day in Athens I asked a (formerly) Venizelist opera singer whether she would be performing this winter. She replied "Probably not. Metaxás does not believe in music." She seemed quite resigned to the fact that the opera would not be subsidized. Last summer Metaxás felt so secure that he has begun to release the less dangerous of his political prisoners. Many Liberals have acknowledged that his survival is no longer due entirely to the armed assistance of military and police. The man-in-the-street says : "It is not so bad. He is improving." King George has spent a quiet holiday at Corfu, and has even indulged in an excursion to Buckingham Palace.

The truth is that General Metaxás has instituted some very sensible reforms, and that although many of these reforms have not been put fully into operation, they are at least evidence of his good will and energy. His technique is crude, his propaganda unsympathetic, many of his colleagues are out for personal gain, but the public begins to feel that the Leader's good will and vitality are sufficient compensation.

Minimum wages have been declared (they are shockingly low, but formerly there was no bottom).

The 8-hour day is supposed to be observed throughout the country.

Funds have been provided for medical aid to the needy.

Profiteering in foodstuffs has been curtailed.

Etc., etc.

With reforms such as these Metaxás is gradually acquiring a considerable amount of public sympathy. Further, it is recognized that a respite from the quarrels of party politicians—though those quarrels were the spice of life for countless thousands of citizens—has its positive value. Metaxás has

made a clean sweep of party politics, and although this does indeed signify a tremendous curtailment of personal liberty, one does not forget for what purely personal ends liberty was exploited in the past. The politicians had no thought for the people. The people, out-of-pocket on the transaction, tolerated the politicians because they provided such excellent entertainment—you could sit all the afternoon on the shaded pavement of a café looking up at a sunlit wall against the blue sky, sipping your two large tumblers of water, nibbling at your cube of *loukoumi* on its toothpick, and discussing the latest scandal :—How Venizelos saved himself from royalist bullets at Paradisos Bar by pulling his wife on top of him on the floor of his car (but how could she be sitting up in bed in the newspaper photos next day if she still had those two bullets there, where they said they were ?). How my good friend Deputy X. was furious when he heard that his colleagues had been arrested, though he himself was still free ; it was an insult to him as a politician ; it signified that he was not considered sufficiently dangerous to merit arrest ; so that he telephoned to his pal, the Chief of Police and yelled : “ Why haven’t you arrested me ? Come and arrest me at once ! ” and the police came and did so. How Kondylis, the ex-sergeant major, was learning English and signing his letters “ yours faithfully, Pencil,” which was the literal rendering of his name. How Tsaldaris . . .

But the entertainment is over, and, although there are jokes concerning Metaxás and gossip about the Crown Prince (“ a bit frisky, he is,” said Vassilakis before the announcement of the royal betrothal), yet it is realized that politics are in earnest these days. On August 4th, 1937, the celebrations of the anniversary of the dictatorship were in deadly earnest. For example, as part of the celebrations it was announced that “ the captains of merchant vessels shall explain to their crews the historical importance of the change of régime of August 4th.” The same day on a house at Agrinion was unveiled “ amidst the cheering of many thousands of spectators ” a tablet inscribed : “ Here was born the Mother of Metaxas, Leader of the Nation.”

The dictatorship is mature. Plump Metaxás wears badly creased trousers, gazes through thick-lensed spectacles, leans on a cane, is as old as Largo Caballero, but is established, cannot

be removed now by a joke or a caricature. Yet there is still plenty of scope for fun and criticism.

The strange little regulations continue to pour forth :

Trains must not whistle before leaving stations. (Many chattering Greeks have been left behind on platforms, and this regulation has begun to lapse).

National anthems of foreign countries must not be played in cinemas.

Electric signs must not be placed on roofs.

Householders must pave their pavements (widows and ancients are exempt from this regulation. Most householders in Athens are now widows or ancients).

Midwives must inform the police whether the parents of a newly-born child are financially capable of supporting it.

Hotels must build bomb-proof shelters in their basements.

Schools of Youth Leadership are to be established under the direction of military officers.

It is rather unkind to lay so much stress on these trivialities. The good reforms still stand, and still have the general approval of the people. Unfortunately they, like the trivial decrees, are not always put into practice. The fixed scale of minimum wages is often side-tracked. I was told in a factory at Cavalla that some men only receive 40 drachmae a day (1/6). The official minimum is 90 drachmae. At Volo I was told of a textile factory where the staff are almost entirely juveniles. When they come of age to receive a higher wage, they are dismissed, and a fresh batch of boys is engaged.

The man in charge of the bathing-huts at Y. came to me and asked : " How are things in Germany ? Is it true that there is even less liberty and more brutality in Germany than here ? "

But Metaxás is working hard. In general, people are much more satisfied than they were twelve months ago. They resent the Nazi technique, the many restrictions, the Press and postal censorship ; the immense sums being spent on armaments ; the rise in the cost of living (due in large part to new taxes for armament) ; but they are grateful for the decent, bourgeois thoughtfulness of Metaxás, and for the stability that he has brought after such a long period of political chaos. Metaxás was not exaggerating when at Aigion recently (October 31st) he said : " I have noticed, *even among Greeks who pretend to regret the past*, a general feeling of relief."

For those who are fond of modern Greece and of the modern Greeks, there is one principal anxiety in all this, which is that

Metaxás may be undermining the genuinely democratic character of Greek society and breeding a class-antagonism that did not exist before his coming.

Modern Greece is a hundred years old. Little more than a century ago, all Greeks were under Turkish domination. The war of independence was a popular rising. The leaders were brigands from the hills (later, they trimmed their moustaches and became politicians). The outcome of that struggle was the most democratic State that has existed on Mediterranean shores. Until recently there was no class-consciousness in Greece. The rich merchant families, with a few flagrant exceptions (as among those who lived part of the year abroad), were constantly aware of their humble origin, had no pretensions, lived on equal terms with their poor relations (and Greece, like Argentina, is *une nation de cousins unie par des deuils*). The humblest proletarian, with a little perseverance, could obtain an interview with a Cabinet Minister to state his grievances. There were, of course, tremendous inequalities of wealth. But the issue had never been presented clearly. In Spain, the wealthy class deliberately provoked antagonism, just as the bull-fighter would deliberately create danger for himself in the arena. In Greece, all contrasts were softened by the truly democratic spirit of the race that had suffered uniformly under foreign oppression; shared the fight for liberation; shared the frugality of the national soil; shared the humiliation of the Allied bullying in 1914-1918.

Metaxás, by abolishing Parliament and the Constitution has suggested a new struggle: a struggle between a ruling class and a proletariat. The Greek Parliament was chaos. In Greece, Europe and European life-forms disintegrate. The land itself—as though under the influence of the eastern sun—breaks up into irregular promontories and islands. The elementary task of buying an orange from a hawker becomes in Athens a series of manœuvres in which all the talent and energy of buyer and seller are engaged—the shrug of the shoulders, the back step, the forward step, the pout, the smile, the statistical argument, the discussion on climate and heredity, the fraternal exchange (perhaps) of a cigarette, the appraising eye, the deprecatory gesture. The Greek Parliament was like that. Chaotic.

But a democratic chaos. Now Metaxás hob-nobs with Schacht and Goebbels. Kodzias (the most spectacular member of his Cabinet—he is an advertisement agent by trade) announces publicly : “ This is a bourgeois State.” One feels, as one talks with the people, that they are beginning to be aware of a cleft between the classes. And, finally, the ascendancy of Germany in Greece (as elsewhere in the Balkans) is in itself a disturbing factor.

Nevertheless, Metaxas seems very secure to-day, and he is actually preparing to counteract the growth of class antagonism. Thus he has had himself proclaimed The First Workman of Greece and The First Peasant of Greece ; he is constantly photographed among workmen and peasants (I think he really enjoys this—the true Greek family spirit) ; and he cultivates the impression that the proletariat is coming over to his side. Every day you find in the newspapers the paragraph :

“ Yesterday a dozen notorious Communists came spontaneously to the police and submitted sincere declarations renouncing their Communist ideology and recognizing that the new State has undertaken beneficial measures in favour of working men in consequence of which the Communist ideal has become a real menace to the State.”

Further, the Leader has created a favourable impression by announcing through Dimitratos, his Under-Secretary of State for Labour, stringent measures to enforce the labour decrees (7.10.37). And in his full-length speech at Aigion (31.10.37) he apologized to the people in these words :

“ We are doing mighty little for you. I know that you desire much more. But your turn will come. Do not be impatient. *Have faith*, and everything will come in time. Although at the present moment I am obliged to pass over your needs, which are not negligible, the hour will come when all our money will no longer be absorbed by the army, the navy and the air force.”

The war preparations are tremendous. Decrees have been published announcing penalty of death for whoever in time of war or mobilization “ indulges in anti-war propaganda.” And, even now, anyone travelling by rail in northern Macedonia “ for commerce or to visit relations or for any other purpose ” must have a special military permit. The Minister who occupies himself with *tourisme* has publicly regretted that money is being spent on strategical roads (Bulgarian frontiers, etc.) while the

roads to places of interest to tourists are, for the present, neglected.

If Metaxás is overthrown (or is the modern technique of dictatorship proof against revolution?) it will be the result of impatience. A shrug of the shoulders and an impatient gesture of the hand. 'We've had enough of this—it is time we had a change.' For the Greeks are as fickle as their seas, quick-changing as the colour of Hymettus in the light of the sun, and they like to say : 'Our weather is as uncertain as our girls, and our girls as our weather.' In the morning the fishing-boats are rowed out over the glassy, breeze-less Phaleron Bay, long oars flashing red in the early sun ; in the evening they come jumping home, their brown sails full of the night wind, the storm clouds driving low behind them.

Yet Greece is also the land of permanent things : an ancient culture ; classic hills ; rock and dust ; and month by month as Metaxás establishes himself, one feels that he, too, with all his talent and all his strange idiosyncrasies, is being incorporated among the permanencies, laurel-crowned.

LOYALTY AND THE LOWER DECK.

BY EX-ABLE SEAMAN, ROYAL NAVY.

DURING recent weeks "ranks and ratings" of the Royal Navy, and a great many people outside it, have been discussing Commander Kenneth Edwards' book entitled "The Mutiny at Invergordon," and while many of those who have commented upon the book in the newspapers have been ex-Naval Officers, I do not think that any representative of the Lower Deck has been invited by an Editor to give his opinion of this book.

The present writer will, therefore, perhaps be pardoned if he seeks to make good this deficiency. Such authority as he may have to discuss this subject is derived from four years' service as an Able Seaman in the Royal Navy during the War, followed by twelve years' association with it in the capacity of an Able Seaman in the R.N.V.R., during which period he went to sea in a battleship every year and was able to keep in close touch with the developments of the post-War Navy.

Let me say also that I write from the standpoint of one who, so far from himself having any real or imagined grievance against the Navy, has nothing but the happiest recollections of his association with it. To me the Navy will always be my "spiritual home." The part of the Navy with which I am most intimately acquainted is, of course, the Lower Deck, and if I have what may perhaps be considered an excusable preference for any branch of the Lower Deck, it is the Seamen branch to which I myself belonged. Any statement, coming from no matter what quarter, which appears to charge the British bluejacket with disloyalty to the Royal Navy is one which should not be accepted without the strongest evidence and without the most judicial survey of the circumstances which called forth the accusation.

In October, 1931, it was freely said that the Lower Deck, and

in particular the seamen ratings, had "let the Navy down" in what has been described as a mutiny. Any concerted refusal to obey orders in the Navy is undoubtedly mutiny. The human mind, however, is such that it cannot be governed blindly by any particular phraseology, but must seek to discover the meaning which such a grave term as mutiny may have on any particular occasion when it is used.

A few years ago I saw in Bloomsbury a Russian film in which gangs of sailors, animated by class hatred, savagely murdered their officers. Some of the latter were represented in the picture as taking refuge in the rigging, where they were pursued by the mutineers and cast into the sea. Not only did the bluejackets act and look like a crowd of cut-throats, but the officers were also represented as completely brutal and unsympathetic types who spat in the faces of the men and ill-treated them in every way. That is naval mutiny as the Russians conceive it. Each time an officer met the waves with a loud splash the young Communists in the cinema hall clapped their hands and cheered.

There was not at any time during the so-called mutiny at Invergordon any resentment against the officers in the Navy; no act of violence against them was performed or even contemplated. The collective protest concerned a matter which was outside the province of even the Admiralty itself. The regulation as to the cuts in pay which was the cause of the trouble was forced on the Admiralty by the financial advisors of the Government. Moreover, the officers also were required to suffer a deprivation of income, and in the case of certain classes of officer I have been told that the cuts were proportionately far heavier than in other cases. So the very last people in the whole world who could be held responsible by the Lower Deck for its grievance were the officers.

While it must be acknowledged that Commander Kenneth Edward's circumstantial account of the events leading up to the mutiny, and of the mutiny itself, is of intense interest and is probably in most respects correct, the author appears to be intent upon making a certain charge against the Lower Deck, namely, that the protest against the cuts in pay, would not have assumed its particular form unless the loyalty of the Lower Deck had already been seriously undermined by

revolutionary influences. I believe this interpretation of the events to be entirely fantastic.

It is not generally recognized that the Lower Deck was ready to accept the ten per cent. cut in pay, such as was enforced by the Government in the case of Civil Servants, teachers and other State employees, but it so happened that one particular class of seamen was asked to submit to a much larger curtailment of income. The position can be explained quite briefly. Soon after the War, the A.B.'s pay was raised to 4s. a day, and with other allowances the remuneration enabled a large proportion of the younger seamen to get married. In 1925 came the Geddes cut, and under the new dispensation those reaching the status of A.B. received only 3s. a day. The cut, however, was not retrospective, with the result that for several years there existed two rates of pay for the same work. This was admittedly a not very satisfactory arrangement, but then it must be remembered that those who joined the Navy after 1925 did so with their eyes open, knowing the conditions as to pay, and hardly any of them undertook matrimonial responsibilities until they had acquired the rank of Leading Seaman. But in 1931, the Government, in its panic-stricken efforts to keep on the gold standard, insisted upon such drastic economies that by a stroke of the pen this difference in the scale of pay received by two classes of seamen was abolished, with the result that the A.B.'s who joined the Navy before 1925 suddenly found themselves deprived of 7s. a week, while their marriage allowances were also reduced. Without going into further details it may be said that the cut in their pay was in the neighbourhood of twenty per cent. This was a shattering blow, for it meant the complete break-up of many homes.

In making a protest to the naval authorities, the spokesmen of the A.B.'s complained that their wives were being driven to prostitution. As it did not appear possible to obtain redress of their grievance by constitutional means, Lower Deck representatives of all the ships of the Atlantic Fleet met in the canteen ashore at Invergordon and, after the ejection of a couple of fatuous Communists who had come to the meeting uninvited, it was decided to refuse duty the following morning when the fleet were due to go to sea. A bugle sound from the ship first

in the line was a signal that the mutiny had begun. Within a short space of time every fore-castle was thronged with Lower Deck ratings singing "The more we are together the happier we shall be," and all day long the strains of this rousing but good-humoured ditty passed across the water from ship to ship. By this means the Lower Deck ratings maintained their sense of solidarity.

The "mutiny" did not reveal any essential discord between officers and men. As a matter of fact, what saved the situation was the presence among the officers of a sufficient number of very fine gentlemen who, while feeling deeply the humiliation to which a misguided monetary policy had exposed the Royal Navy, were ready to make a patient investigation of the men's grievances. As evidence of the good feeling which existed at this time, I may mention the case of a Commander (let us call him Commander Smith) who strode on to the fore-castle of his ship and remonstrated with the men. While all the Lower Deck ratings present were firm in their resolve not to answer his summons, "Both watches for exercise, fall in!" they bore him no personal grudge. A Leading Seaman called for "Three cheers for Commander Smith," and there was a very hearty response. The Commander, having received this tribute of esteem, retired to his cabin, perhaps to consider at leisure how it came about that the discipline of the Royal Navy could be wrecked as the result of the activities of international financiers, apparently possessed of a power to compel the Government of the day to propose retrenchments which, had they been permitted, would have caused the wives of Able Seamen to be "driven to prostitution."

Yet surely there never was a more good-humoured mutiny. Is it not a fact that in one of the super-dreadnoughts, during the return of the Atlantic Fleet to home ports after the Invergordon incident, officers and men were to be found playing deck hockey together? I shall venture upon the opinion that the "mutiny," so far from resulting in strained relations between officers and men, actually brought them closer together. One naval Captain of my acquaintance informed me that, after studying in detail the household budget of a married Able Seaman, and realizing the extreme economy which must be

exercised by the housewife if she is to make both ends meet, never again would he, in serving out punishment, dock a sailor's pay.

Commander Kenneth Edwards goes out of his way to accuse a certain number of Lower Deck ratings, whom he describes as the ringleaders of the Invergordon mutiny, of being subject to the influences of German Communists encountered at Kiel in 1931 on the occasion of the visit of the cruisers "Dorsetshire" and "Norfolk." As I happen to have been a member of the ship's company of H.M.S. "Norfolk" at that very time, I am in a position to supply a certain amount of first-hand evidence concerning the contact between British and German sailors on that occasion. But before proceeding to give some of my own impressions of this visit I should like to show by references to the text of Commander Edward's book on what slender foundations the charge is based and to comment upon the disingenuous argumentative method which he employs.

On page 119 he says "Throughout this visit of the British warships to Kiel there was a great deal of fraternizing between the men of the British cruisers and the German naval personnel and townspeople. *Some at least of the British sailors must have met and talked with people who had taken part in the terrible events of thirteen years before.*" Thus it is merely surmise on the author's part that the British sailors had any communication with men who were mutineers in the German Navy in 1918. With reference to a certain Able Seaman who was afterwards dismissed the Service in connection with the Invergordon affair he says, "There is little doubt that certain contacts with Communist organizations in Germany were arranged for him in Kiel, and probably also in Hamburg." Again the author shrinks from a direct statement, but by this form of insinuation he is gradually creating a prejudice in the mind of the reader in favour of what is after all a mere supposition. By the time he reaches page 122 he concludes that it is quite safe to say, without the citation of any further evidence that "two of the ringleaders of the mutiny at Invergordon visited Kiel only two months before the outbreak at Invergordon and came into close contact with the Communist influences which had helped to arrange and organize the mutiny of the German Fleet." Here he writes as

if he were disclosing a fact. Yet the statement is made without proof. Again, he says, this time reverting to the less direct method of utterance, "There seems little doubt that the whole idea and planning of a mutiny in the British Navy, which was to take place on the first auspicious occasion, was picked up in Germany by men of H.M.S. "Norfolk" during the visit to Kiel." Here, the charge, although it is not advanced with the same degree of certainty, is even more injurious to the reputation of the Lower Deck. It is no longer made in respect of only one or two individual seamen, but the treachery and disloyalty to the Navy are imputed to "men of H.M.S. 'Norfolk,'" leaving the reader to imagine that any number of Lower Deck ratings in that ship, perhaps the majority, had allowed themselves to be subject to this "revolutionary" influence.

One of the assertions made by Commander Edwards was that the visiting English sailors were given a frigid reception by the German Navy. As my status was that of a bluejacket, naturally I did not participate in any of the functions which were arranged for the benefit of the officers, but as far as the Lower Deck was concerned I can truthfully say that the Germans invited us aboard their ships and acted as hosts in a delightful and charming manner, and they were all obviously as loyal to their own Navy as they were respectful to the loyalties which appertain to our own. The fraternization between British and German bluejackets on the first meeting after the War must be for all of us who shared in it a memorable experience. This was the main subject of our talk on the mess decks, and I saw no evidence whatsoever that members of the ship's company were using the occasion of this visit to conspire with Communist agitators ashore. Nor did I discover the existence of the formidable Lower Deck malcontents who, according to Commander Edwards, were already spreading disaffection in H.M.S. "Norfolk."

It seems unlikely that if there had been any such attempt at Communist propaganda among the British sailors at Kiel, such an event would or could have been kept secret from the general body of sailors. The Lower Deck is peopled by a company of men having such an intimate social relationship that no event or experience which concerned one section of it can fail to be

communicated to the rest. Moreover, the Communists are not renowned for particular tact, and on the occasions when they intervene the knowledge of their presence becomes a subject of general gossip immediately. In order to give an instance of their methods I may now record, I believe for the first time, an incident which occurred in June, 1932, when three British cruisers paid a ceremonial visit to Copenhagen on the occasion of the British Exhibition in that city. I was myself a member of the ship's company of one of these cruisers.

The people of Copenhagen treated us most generously and gave us free access to many places of entertainment. In a certain popular dance-hall to which our sailors went in large numbers, printed programmes were distributed. At least, we thought they were programmes, for they were described as such on the outside, and they were attractively got up with a picture of a conventional kind. Inside the cover, however, there was, printed in English, a manifesto from a Russian source, addressed to the British bluejackets, inviting them to revolt against their "blood-thirsty and tyrannical officers" and to join their brothers of the proletariat, explaining at the same time that the English ships had not really come to Denmark on a mission of peace and friendliness, but merely for the purpose of taking soundings in the Danish waters in preparation for an imperialistic war upon the defenceless Danes. After these bright remarks the writers of the manifesto proceeded to make a number of decidedly infelicitous comments upon the events at Invergordon of the previous October. The document, of course, omitted to mention that the "blood-thirsty and tyrannical officers" were completely sympathetic to the claims of the men and were foremost in trying to obtain a redress of their grievances. Needless to say, the sailors were completely unmoved by this clumsy appeal.

The motives which led to the affair at Invergordon were of a perfectly simple kind, not requiring to be explained by reference to Communist or other "revolutionary" propaganda. The bluejackets were suddenly placed in a cruel dilemma in which loyalty to the Navy was made to conflict with loyalty to their families. The proposed twenty per cent. cut in pay, twice as large as that imposed upon any section of the civilian population,

was unjust and unreasonable. When the occasion for the remonstrance arose, the action of the bluejackets was not inconsistent with assumption that they remained normal patriotic Englishmen. The charge made by Commander Edwards that their spokesmen constituted themselves into a *soviet* is merely ridiculous, and when, as in the illustration on the first paper "jacket" of his book he showed the anchor of a British man-of-war fouled by the hammer and sickle, he insulted the bluejackets, and the insult was all the more gratuitous because he himself makes clear that the motive for the so-called mutiny could be amply explained without any attribution of foreign influences.

Concerning the post-War Navy I wrote in 1929 :

"Some of the problems of the lower deck life are rendered more acute owing to the recent change from a personnel composed principally of bachelors to one in which the married men predominate. Here economic facts are all important and there is no doubt that the married bluejacket and his wife must be rather expert in the arts of domestic arrangement if they are to set up a home and bring up children properly fed and clad upon the remuneration received from the Navy. A certain number of married men in the service increase their income by washing their mess-mates' clothes, making uniforms to order or mending boots, but it stands to reason that this opportunity of earning a few extra shillings a week can only belong to a small percentage of a ship's company and the majority of married men are obliged to supplement their marriage allowance by a substantial contribution from their own pay, leaving themselves the very minimum of personal expenses and forgoing nearly all the little luxuries and diversions which do so much to make the bluejacket's life more pleasant. So whatever economies may in future be contemplated in naval administration it may be hoped that the Lords of the Treasury will think twice before they make any further retrenchment here."

In view of what happened two years later the argument of this paragraph appears to need no further endorsement.

It is not likely that the loyalty of the lower deck will be jeopardized by reckless economies at the expense of its personnel. We may now confidently look forward to a period when the social harmony which is natural to the Royal Navy will continue—and be even enhanced by the experience of the events at Invergordon.

EBB AND FLOW.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S death leaves no sense of frustration : he had accomplished the full curve of an astonishing career. It would have seemed incredible, seventy-one years ago, that a lad born in those "humble circumstances" should come to be three times Prime Minister of Great Britain. It seems agreed that he more than any other man brought Labour into Parliament as an organized and formidable party—feared at first not for numbers, but for what they would grow to, and for what that growth might mean. Yet, in fact, as their numbers grew, they seemed less formidable ; the House of Commons and the country soon realized that these were just some more Englishmen, the least revolutionary type of man in Europe. Ramsay MacDonald had earned the leadership and was well fitted to make it acceptable ; he came from that Kingdom of the Three where literary culture has penetrated deepest ; he was not merely educated but cultured far beyond the average of parliament ; and the handsomeness of his person helped his gift of eloquence. He and Snowden were figures sharply marked off from the party ; they were the products of their own individual exertion : the others, Henderson, Thomas, Clynes, Barnes and the rest, had all acquired in the conduct of Trade Union business the power of stating a case, the gift of negotiation and of handling men ; but the necessities of close team-work had somewhat cramped their personal development. They did not easily think outside of trade union lines : perhaps they felt bound not to. But Ramsay MacDonald thought for himself. One need not assert that he always thought right. I do not believe that the Labour Party ever concluded that he had been right in the early days of the war, when he separated himself from most of his colleagues and from general trade

union feeling. None the less, after having been repudiated, he was not only brought back by the democratic vote, but restored to leadership. One may even say that he established in the mind of the Labour party the necessity for leadership which they had been unwilling to accept : it was at first laid down that in principle the chairmanship should not be held for two years continuously. Yet his leadership was always precarious, and in 1931 when hard facts convinced him that coalition was necessary, the bulk of his party refused to follow him.

What came after, his prolonged premiership of the National Government, was due to unusual qualities in his chief colleague rather than in himself. But Ramsay MacDonald can never be denied credit for his part in a combination under which the nation made such astonishing recovery. It is pleasant to think that wireless must have brought to the ship on which he sailed report of what Lord Baldwin found to say, when he broke silence for the first time after his resignation. The tribute which he then paid to his friend and ally was unlooked for and free from the obligatory taint of graveside commendation. Very glad Lord Baldwin must have been to have spoken, when two days later, the unexpected news came across the wires.

Gout is traditionally the English statesman's malady and it did not prevent either of the Pitts from giving leadership. The world moved less fast in their days, however ; now even the shortest appearance of withdrawing from control brings protest from those wanting to be led. But

The Rôle of Mr. Chamberlain it seems to me early indeed to talk of finding a successor to Mr. Chamberlain. The conditions of his task are badly understood by those who want him to be making bold gestures. His function at present is not to make things happen but to prevent their happening, and leadership directed to such an end can never have the exhilarating quality of action like Mussolini's. Quite possibly Mr. Chamberlain may not have been sorry to have a valid reason for keeping out of the limelight. One thing is certain ; he does not grudge his colleagues their chances ; when the Parliamentary session re-opened, Mr. Eden was allowed to speak with great freedom for the British Government on the whole European situation. Probably the Prime Minister realizes that, even after the Abyssinian failure Mr. Eden

has a hold on the public's imagination which no other politician possesses and the P.M. exploits to the full this asset of strength in his administration, without considering how this may affect his personal ascendancy. Not all Prime Ministers would have done this—especially in the very early days of their official leadership. And I see no reason to doubt that Mr. Chamberlain's lack of jealousy is matched by a confidence in power to maintain his final authority. We cannot look to him for magnetic impulsion ; but his record encourages us to expect, under his guidance, coherent and competent action.

How far does the speech delivered by Mr. Eden suggest the existence of such coherence? It has two aspects. In one passage he gave Italy very plain warning that the freedom of the Mediterranean routes must not be menaced, and some of his critics have said that he was only definite where a direct British interest was concerned. But freedom of the Mediterranean routes concerns France no less vitally than England. Mr. Eden made no reference to this ; but his speech would be none the less reassuring to the French. Again, it is true that the independence of Egypt may be regarded as a British interest, closely connected with freedom of the Suez Canal route ; none the less, the Egyptians have a pledge from Great Britain to assist if necessary in defence of their frontiers. The despatch of large Italian contingents to Libya cannot be indifferent to Egypt ; for with modern mechanized transport an attack on Egypt from Libya has to be counted possible.

**Democracy
on Guard**

The other part of the speech had to do with Spain, and here, according to Mr. Eden's critics, the entire effort of Great Britain is directed to avoiding action, because no direct British interest is involved. Mr. Eden was able to show that "non-intervention" as practised—that is to say, limited intervention—had carried some advantages at least to the Government side. But, admitting that Italy and Germany have been able to send much more help than Russia, is it clear that Mr. Eden's course was wrong from the standpoint of democratic interests generally? He has undoubtedly helped the French Government to restrain those forces in France which were for entering the contest on the democratic side. I am not sure that either side in Spain can

be called democratic in any ordinary sense of the word ; one side has certainly burnt more churches and killed more priests and nuns than the other, but this is not absolutely conclusive proof of democratic principle. On the other hand, Czechoslovakia is beyond question a civilized democracy. If France were engaged in Spain there would be grave risk that democracy might be blotted out in Czechoslovakia. Mr. Eden knows that Great Britain could at present not be counted on to prevent this disaster. France is pledged. It may very well have seemed to Mr. Chamberlain and to Mr. Eden that neither France nor England could help to stabilize Europe by intervening on the Government side in Spain ; but that by standing on guard they may powerfully assist in quarters where stabilization is most needed, and where any act of aggression would have the gravest consequences.

Meanwhile one point has been made clear. There is no further sense in talking of desire to avoid dividing European civilization on " ideological " lines. The ideological front has been formed. In theory it is to repel the advancing contagion of Bolshevism. In practice it is the **The Patriotism** that is ing **that is** ing contagion of Bolshevism. In practice it is the **Obsolete** *entente*, if not the alliance, of three Powers which hold to the old-fashioned idea of patriotism. The most patriotic action in the world used to be to increase the power, riches and glory of your nation by acquiring territory that previously belonged to someone else. All the poets and all the historians were in agreement to glorify such actions, and a ' complex ' so respectably introduced is not easily got out of the system. There is a deal to be said for military heroism and it has been said in all civilized languages ; but now that the military hero can kill from two miles overhead and cannot limit his aim to other military men, we are driven to revise our standards of virtue and try to get rid of the patriotic ' complex.' But the more we try, the easier we make military success for those who seek to strengthen the ' complex ' rather than abolish it.

Faced with a combination of militarist Powers, highly organized and equipped, who claim to command some two hundred million citizens, what are the rest of us to do ? Say that we deplore such combinations and watch while the militarist group claws over to its camp another ten millions here and there?

That is making the world safe for militarism. I see nothing for it but to say, "If you want to fight in Europe, you must fight all who are on our side." If this is called "encircling" Germany and Italy, let it be so called; it means that these powers are to confine their military action within their own boundaries, or transgress them at their peril. They must, in short, accept the rules observed by a Society of Nations—whether they choose to belong to it or no.

Other Powers are invited to adhere to the triple "Anti-Comintern front;" and in the present state of the chess-board, Austria, Hungary and Poland, any or all, may feel that it would be safer to join. Should Great Britain, on the other hand, decide to endorse the guarantee given by France to Czechoslovakia, the game of the predatory Powers would wear a very different aspect. If invitation to join the Anti-Comintern front is to be offered, there should be invitation also to join the anti-militarist front. The question which each State would then ask itself is, which alignment is likeliest to keep us out of war?

Realization of what modern war may mean has not yet been forced home upon Japan. In Italy and in Germany all voices are silenced except those that the dictators approve; yet we can be sure that in both these States no man dare risk war of aggression without certainty of rapid success. In England, there are already some who say that it is better to submit to any losses or exactions rather than face the necessity of having our cities bombed, and the not less horrible need to bomb other people's cities. Canon Sheppard's election to the Rectorship of Glasgow University was remarkable: but did it mean more than the election a few years ago of Mr. Compton Mackenzie, standing as a Scottish Nationalist? In each case the imagination of young men was caught by a picturesque and appealing personality: and Canon Sheppard was something more than that. But, when all is said, are we prepared to imitate the example of China? An ancient, polished and rich civilization, with incredible number of subjects, decided to despise the military virtues; and we see the result. Nobody but themselves can help the Chinese; they offer too broad a target to the forces of destruction, which strike more boldly

The Appeal of Strength

every day because they have every day proof that European civilization cannot restrain them.

If European civilization had stood together from the first to prevent the mutilation of China, Japan might have been intimidated by the unknown danger. To-day the Japanese know their own security, and undoubtedly when a halt is called to conquest, China will not be the only loser ; Europe will have to give up much. The lesson is plain. Japan informs us that her sole object in China is to secure peace. Those European Powers which sympathize with Japan's objects may at any moment set out to seek peace by similar methods on the Continent of Europe. Resistance to such enterprises needs to be fully organized in advance.

There is this further consideration. Everybody in Europe would like the assistance of the United States in keeping the world's peace. So far, the United States have firmly refused to contemplate any engagement. But it is recognized increasingly in America that any disturbance of the world's peace affects American interests seriously, and may affect them disastrously. If the United States sees, on the one side, a formidably effective combination of Germany and Italy reaching out a hand to Japan, and on the other a very loose and partial understanding for mutual defence, that certainly will not seem a reason for joining the Fascist powers, but a good reason for keeping all Europe at arms length. If on the other hand they see a solid and serious organization of democratic Powers, all pledged to defend one another if any one is attacked, there is at least a chance that the United States might decide to make that organization overpoweringly strong by joining it ; not from any impulse to help Europe, but in the interests of peaceful commerce of which the United States gets so large a part—and even as a step towards ultimate reduction in armaments.

Already the Great Powers are piling up individually a crushing insurance policy. The small Powers, which sympathize with them and with which they sympathize, can contribute towards security. It is not unsound to lengthen the front to be defended, if aggression on any part of it will certainly produce retaliation from the whole. One cannot afford to leave all the initiative in organization to the militants.

In Belgium, opposition from the Right has withdrawn from public life a Belgian statesman whose value seemed to be of European importance. The procedure has been the classical

Belgium and the Whispering Campaign one of spreading broadcast accusations of financial corruption. It was employed by the Right against Clemenceau and kept him out of parliament for nearly ten years. It was employed by the Right against Mr. Lloyd George and was only defeated by Mr. Asquith's generous championship. Maurice Barrès had the candour to express regret in the war period for the part he had taken against Clemenceau: and Lord Cecil must have thanked providence more than once that he and his friends did not get Mr. Lloyd George's head on a charger. It is certainly possible that those who are rubbing their hands over M. van Zeeland's overthrow may regret their achievement—which was rendered possible by an ambiguous combination. The Rexist propaganda addressed itself specially to the Flemings among whom there is more sympathy for German ideals. M. van Zeeland, in his effort to secure national unity, felt constrained to accept a measure of amnesty for those who had been sentenced after the war to deprivation of civic rights because they had sided with the invader. This amnesty was fiercely resented by men on whom M. van Zeeland had most cause to rely. His effort at union by conciliation brought about a violent flare-up of hate. Several books written by Belgians have made us aware that worse than all the material injury was the poisoning of a whole nation's life. Some hated those who associated with the Germans because their compromisers were fed while others starved; some hated them even more because pride had to humble itself and go begging for help to those who had made the profitable surrender. It is easy to see why the Act of amnesty was furiously and even inhumanly resented.

A new volume of the Dictionary of National Biography has appeared, dealing with the more recently dead, and these biographies inevitably depend much on personal reminiscence;

The Indispensable we may hope that the writers have not neglected what is a chief value in this inestimable work.

D.N.B. Almost any man of letters, in approaching a task, will take down the D.N.B. to see what references it gives for

detailed information on the subject that interests him. Every life in the thousands printed there is a capable introduction to large lines of study which are indicated. It is indispensable in any library as an aid to using the library; to my joy I found that the British Museum's department at Colindale, where the newspapers are stored, has a copy on its shelves. This must be familiar to all writers; but I wonder how many of them realize their debt to the original publisher, George Murray Smith of Smith and Elder. He belonged to a type of which the late Sir Frederick Macmillan was the last; and Mr. William Blackwood, another fine example; genial, open-handed English business men (though two of them were Scots) who left the craft of letters to their authors, but had a pride and fine judgment in the material that they handled. It has never been the practice to speak well of publishers but, unless my experience was unusually happy, many writers must have been deep in debt to these three for counsel and encouragement. But it was only Murray Smith who left a monument so important that Oxford University has had to take charge of it. Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee, great workers and great directors of work, are fitly remembered; but it was the man who made the work possible who conferred a lasting boon on the whole republic of letters.

The passing of Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson stirs many memories. How great one should rank him as an actor depends on one's conception of the art. Irving made you always think

of Irving, a powerful personality poured into a mould and giving it new strange colour. Tree's Hamlet like all that Tree did was interesting and

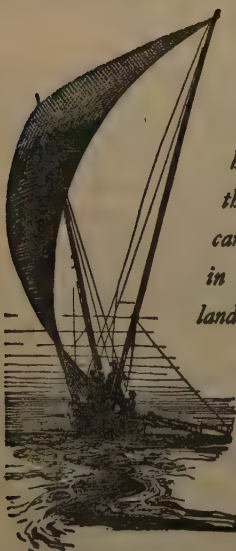
novel—this blonde German stood out, drugged with metaphysics. But we saw Forbes Robertson as Hamlet, and all seemed inevitably congruous; the dark romantic beauty of the visual image belonged to the beauty of words spoken straightforwardly with no unexpected twist or emphasis, yet every syllable of them charged with life. It is not that he was without passion; on his last appearance at a Dublin theatre, we saw him in "Othello" and his niece, Miss Beatrice Forbes Robertson, who played the leading part on that tour, said to me that when he turned his eyes on her suddenly in one great scene, the blaze

**The Magic
of Language.**

of them almost unnerved her. Yet here again what I remember is the beauty ; he chose to make the Moor one of those handsome Mediterranean types that might as well be Italian or Spanish as African. There was violence but no brutality in his acting ; his Othello was a creature of high romance, in whose speech beauty flowered at every turn ; and of that beauty Forbes Robertson was the perfect interpreter.

"Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very seamark of my utmost sail."

In these lines of Othello's farewell scene, the easy harmonious phrase of "journey's end" is followed by a sound of dead finality from which the mind rebounds into evocation of past adventure towards far-off horizons. You could translate the couplet into French and keep the images—but not the magic that fuses sound and image into the firm outline of a living shape. To speak such lines so as to keep true balance between their dramatic value and the music which helps it out needs an accomplishment, in which, to my mind, Forbes Robertson had no equal.



The Catamaran, the fragile craft in which the Sinbalese fisherman follows his calling, like so much in Ceylon is almost as old as civilization itself. One can tread the hollowed stone paths at sacred shrines, worn by the feet of the faithful for twenty centuries. One can see traditional dances whose origin is lost in the mists of time. — A strangely beautiful land this—the Isle of Cinnamon—a friendly land—a land you will never forget.



CEYLON

Full information from the
Trade Commissioner, Room 45, Ceylon House, Aldwych, W.C.2

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

TWO PROCONSULS

By S. K. RATCLIFFE.

ORIENTATIONS, by Sir Ronald Storrs.
Nicholson & Watson. 21s.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES LORD METCALFE, by Edward Thompson.
Faber. 21s.

Although Sir Ronald Storrs, the first governor of liberated Jerusalem, was born so late as 1881, he was fortunate enough to enjoy all the enviable privileges of the Victorian era before being plunged into the events and opportunities of the new Near East. It would, indeed, not be easy to name an English contemporary who has fulfilled himself in two worlds more completely than he. Fortunate in his parents and his early surroundings, he was at Cambridge in the late nineties and had the luck (though extreme rheumatism prevented him from recognizing it) to enter the Egyptian service just as the long reign of Cromer was drawing to a close, and then, as Oriental Secretary, to have a thorough training through the troubled years of Lord Eldon Gorst and the tranquil interval of Kitchener at Cairo which ended in 1914. Appointed Military Governor of Jerusalem after Allenby's dramatic triumph in 1917, Sir Ronald Storrs was in command of the city until 1926. His office, that is to say, kept him as close as any man could be to the heart of affairs while the most extraordinary enterprise in colonization and government that the modern world has known was being initiated. A dozen wars in Egypt, with an interlude in Baghdad and the Hedjaz, had preceded the nine in Palestine, to be followed in

turn by five in Cyprus—a continuous variety of experience in that quarter of the globe which to “God’s Englishman” of Milton’s dream and Lord Baldwin’s quotation has latterly seemed the most challenging of all spheres. How then could *Orientalisms* be other than a remarkable autobiography?

The Egyptian part of the record contains a vivid picture of the country, or rather the administration, as Cromer left it in 1904. Cromer was probably the most difficult proconsul of his century to follow, and it is here made plain enough that his successor could not have fitted in. Sir Ronald Storrs, however, describes himself as a pro-man, not an anti-man. Loyalty for him is the supreme virtue, and hence we are given a portrait-gallery of famous public servants, which as regards sheer appreciation, stands, I should say, by itself among the memoirs of the time. Cromer, Gorst, Kitchener, Allenby, Milner, Balfour, Lord Samuel, Mark Sykes, Gertrude Bell, T. E. Lawrence—all alike are drawn with a generous hand, and with an abundance of personal detail.

Six chapters are devoted to Palestine, and we may take for granted that their 200 pages will ensure the permanent position of this book alongside the primary authorities concerning the new Zion. Sir Ronald Storrs had to endure tempests of abuse. They could not have been avoided by any governor. Bitterness on his part against both sides would not have been surprising,

but in this impressive survey there is not a trace of it, while Sir Ronald emerges as a convinced Zionist, in the only sense of that label when attached to a British official. He points out that the events of 1936-37 have at least established in the British political mind "the existence of an Arab cause." The Mandate, he is convinced, must be upheld: there is no possible alternative. But, what of a national home pared down from the area of Wales to the area of Norfolk; "and even so 'minished Zionism without Zion?" Sir Ronald Storrs would of course be the last to underestimate the difficulties. They are appalling, and while both sides insist upon impossible minima, "partition, hideous and hateful to all, stares them in the face." Needless to say, there is no attempted solution in *Orientalisms*, or none save the inference implied on every page of this statement, namely, that the fanaticism of racial and religious tradition and dogma must by some means be brought under the rule of reason.

Lord Metcalfe—known to his own generation as Sir Charles—is a re-discovery, the full credit of which belongs to his first complete biographer. Within the past thirty years or so the history and biography of British India have been rewritten, and we must count it a curious fact that, while the period between Wellesley and Canning has been thoroughly worked over, the record of this magnificent administrator should have been to so large an extent passed by. All general readers of modern Indian history claim acquaintance with Dalhousie, the Lawrences, Elphinstone, John Malcolm. But here was an Englishman born to rule, a man with the executive faculty at its highest, a master of statement, a character equal to that of any Anglo-Indian in force and interest, and yet the place accorded to him in the standard histories does not approach a decent measure of justice. The Metcalfes belonged to Yorkshire and, one might add, to the East India

Company. Charles was born in 1785, predestined to his father's Service. He went out to Calcutta at sixteen, and did not see England again for thirty-seven years. Starting in the first year of the nineteenth century, he entered upon a career, as Mr. Thompson puts it, so versatile and variously important that if we would find a parallel we must go back to the Elizabethan age. As a youth he had the personal backing of the great Wellesley, and it is clear that his seniors in the Service agreed with Metcalfe's own friends that there was no young officer in India who was more certain of climbing to the top. He had barely won his spurs when he was entrusted with a mission to Ranjit Singh, and then was made Resident at Delhi, wielding an authority far beyond that of many a later monarch, and building a system of administration which Mr. Thompson sets in importance beside the greatest of civil achievements in India. At 38 years of age, he was sent to Hyderabad and there undertook the cleansing of the Nizam's dominions with a rigour of righteousness which made the great task an heroic adventure. Metcalfe was a member of the Executive Council under Hastings and Lord William Bentinck, and since the latter Governor-General was away from the capital for a good part of the time, Metcalfe was the virtual ruler of British India during the brief chapter of Whig reforms. For one year after Bentinck's departure in 1835 (the year of Macaulay's celebrated minute on Indian education) he was acting Governor-General. But the *pukko* appointment was not for him, and in 1838 he was home, a deeply frustrated man. He longed for a useful evening of life in England, but instead he was made Governor of Jamaica and then, ironically, Governor-General of Canada when the future dominion was making the early decisive steps towards responsible government.

A tremendous character, an outstanding career, set forth in a biography that is in every respect worthy of its subject.

SEA PROBLEMS

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND.

THE ART OF THE ADMIRAL, by
Commander Russell Grenfell.
Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

TRADE IN THE EASTERN SEAS, 1793-
1813, by C. N. Parkinson. *Cambridge
University Press.* 16s. net.

It is not easy to write a book on naval strategy, which, within a small compass will give a broad picture of the principles on war at sea and illustrate these principles from experience with the sufficiency of those historical instances which, as Mahan said, are by their concrete force worth a realm of discussion. Commander Grenfell has impressed his subject to an extent that may be realized by the fact that while Mahan's book on the same subject occupied between 400 and 500 pages, and Corbett's "Some Principles," 90 pages, that part of Commander Grenfell's book which deals with strategical principles—as distinguished from the arts of command—covers no more than 160 pages.

This compression has a practical value. The author is addressing the man and the naval beginner who wants to grasp the manner in which navy is used in war to attain the national ends. He aims at simplifying the problems in the concrete terms of direct aims and the means employed to fulfil them: he wishes to shew that the main principles governing the use of a navy are no mystery, only to be understood by professional seamen—"art," of course, being a separate matter—and so to enable the man-in-the-street to understand why so many of this or of that type of vessel are said

to be necessary for the security of the country. So, by the use of simple language and illustrations he explains such matters as why it is necessary to concentrate naval force in "fleets," what functions those fleets perform, and what their constitution must be. Without any professional jargon he describes the main measures by which direct protection is given to shipping, the meaning of the word "cover"—a word only too often misapplied—and the inter-relations between the massed force and the detachments scattered over the seven seas. No one who reads his pages will need to ask what either the Grand Fleet or the High Sea Fleet were "doing" in the war, nor to indulge in a delusion which affects some minds that the future will not witness a repetition of those great battles between massed forces which, throughout history, have decided the outcome at sea. The very great ship of to-day may or may not be retained by the nations of the world, but of whatever size of the principal fighting units of navies may be in the future, concentrations must be made and mass will dominate or contest with mass in battle.

The work is well done. The book is a useful book and serves the definite purpose for which it is designed. Some criticisms of a minor character may be made. Some of the historical statements are lacking in exactitude; the use of a greater number, more widely spaced in time, would assist to instil conviction; the primary duties of the destroyers at the beginning of the late war were defensive, not offensive;

action against the German oversea bases was not the first thing thought of—it would be more correct to say that it was the last; and the British Admiral who commanded at Coronel was Craddock, not Craddock.

Mr. Parkinson's book is not a book on war, but on the more pleasing theme of trade. Nevertheless, since trade and war are so closely inter-related, the one not infrequently leading to the other and subsequently influencing its course, it is necessary, for an understanding of maritime history, to study both. Naval history, in Mr. Parkinson's view, is too apt to lack its economic background. This is true, though it cannot be said either of Mahan or Corbett that they lost sight of that element. But it is an undoubted fact that unless one has some acquaintance with the national interests vested in commerce, with the complexities of its conduct, even with the pressure exercised upon the executive by powerful commercial bodies, much of the movements of naval forces is liable to be either misinterpreted or misunderstood. For that reason Mr. Parkinson's exhaustive and scholarly survey of the organization, in all its branches, of the East-India company is a helpful contribution to our knowledge of the problems at sea in the long struggle between 1793 and 1813. On the purely strategical side he throws much light on the organization of the sailings of the East-India trade, and the allocations of naval force for its protection—the use of the Royal ships, at the Bombay Marine and of the armaments of the ships themselves. The eternal and inevitable weakness of the merchantman, then the great and imposing-looking East Indiaman, is brought out clearly and leaves as a commentary on that claim, made some years ago, that a numerous merchant fleet constitutes a material addition to naval strength.

His interesting work is, however, by no means confined to war. It shows how the activities of the Company grew; how, beginning with trade as its object, the force of circumstance drove it into

other channels. Trade produced rivalry, rivalry led to collusion between English and French, armies had to be sent to India, positions had to be occupied, campaigns to be conducted. The chief export of England to India was, Mr. Parkinson suggests, not merchandise but men and their courage; the second in importance, naval and military stores and the needs of the English community; and, last of all, the goods intended for the Indian peoples, and bullion. The story is curious and illuminating. It is a chapter in the history of British India of no mean significance. The diligent research which Mr. Parkinson has devoted to his subject, and the result, makes one look forward to a further contribution which he promises on the strictly naval aspect of his subject.

MY LIFE, by Angus Watson. *Nicholson and Watson*. 12s. 6d.

Lives of successful merchants and industrialists are commonly the reverse of inspiring. Mr. Angus Watson's autobiography is a delightful exception. It is at once serious and lighthearted; the record of a man to whom good fortune came with exceptional ease, but, as the reader cannot fail to note, without damage to an essentially modest and generous nature. Mr. Watson is a Scotch Tynesider. From his childhood memories he paints a delightful picture of rural Northumbria, while his experiences as a youthful commercial traveller enable him to recall conditions of business life which make an entertaining contrast to the present day.

Mr. Watson's fortune was built upon the hitherto unexploited Norwegian sardine; he makes the surprising statement that his company spent a million pounds in making the fishermen poster known over the world. Mr. Watson is a prominent Congregationalist layman, knowing English nonconformity by more than half a century of active service. His narrative on this side is enlightening, for it covers some portions of a development that has been and is of marked social importance.

S. K. R.

WISHLIGHT AND CHAMPAIGN, by G. M. Young. *Cape*. 8s. 6d.

DEFENCE OF PINK, by Robert Lynd. *Dent*. 6s.

THE BEE SUCKS, by E. V. Lucas. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

'I will be proud, I will read politic
phors, I will wash off gross acquaint-
ance,' is what Mr. Young would seem
imply by his title; or rather, since
there is nothing of the self-gratulating
arisee about him, he would seem to
suggest that this is the advice he would
give us if he thought there was any
hope of our acting upon it. For in
the view the grand days are past,
though indeed there are signs that all
is not lost. There was, it would appear,
a scandalous dark night of interruption
between 1920 and 1930, during which
not one good thing was written and
to which he cannot bear to peer;
set apart from that irritable blind spot
the view is genial; the good things
may, after all, endure. He is, perhaps,
a little too much inclined to attribute
the young ideas which they do not,
in general, hold: and, as an Oxford
man, he refuses to concede one good
thing to Cambridge, upon which issue
he need only echo Holofernes and say,
'this is not generous, not gentle, not
comble,' before passing on to render
thanks for this collection, of which most
of us will have seen some portions in
the transitory pages.

The first thing to remark is that this
book needs an index, because there
are so many remarks about people from
Aeschylus to Auden which one will
wish to look up, some memorable
phrases one will wish to quote. The
first thing to say is that it has an
index; and one only wishes that it
extended to subjects as well as to
persons. Then one must say that
Mr. Young has a breadth of reading
and knowledge which is enviable, that he
is the enjoying possessor of that
collectus simul capax et penetrans
which he admires in Maitland, and
which he spreads before us in admirable
ease, as nourished and as varied as his
mind. But the important thing to

declare in a review is what manner of
man he is, and what is the standpoint
from which he views the scene, present
and past.

He is, one would judge, a classicist, a
humanist, and a Tory. "You can
analyse it, but you cannot question it:
that is classicism." "Identity and
energy within formal limits, that is
style, that is reason, that is freedom."
Nothing could be clearer than those
statements, and again and again
throughout this fascinating book we
find Mr. Young disturbed by anything
which goes outside the formal limits.
His humanism is "the insolent
humanism of the eighteenth century,"
which he defines as "a determination of
the mind to maintain its own poise, and
to view the world in its own perspective:
and I call it insolent (he adds) for the
readiness with which it turns to aggres-
siveness, if its poise is disturbed by
sectarian clamour or its perspective
blurred by fashionable sentiment." His
Toryism one may infer from his con-
ception of order, and some of his likes
and dislikes. But the flanking angels,
so to speak, are dominated by the
central one, the tolerant humanism,
which should make him devoted friends
even in the enemy camp, and the
wisdom which pervades everything he
says—or, speaking as a Cambridge
man, nearly everything.

For his is a wisdom that we stand
much in need of in these days, the
wisdom that can say "there will remain
the distinction between those who
know that all hypotheses, interpreta-
tions, creeds, programmes, and what
not, are questions, and those who
suppose them to be answers:" or
which can declare "I am a traditionalist
(his epigraph from Euripides would
tell us that) and believe that
catastrophes are a proof of the selfish-
ness of those who provoke them and the
stupidity of those who allow them to
happen." And if it is on these things
that one dwells in a book that is
ostensibly and actually a delightful
book of literary criticism—with which
one need not wholly agree—it is because
one believes that literature matters to

life, and that a man who is concerned with the quality of the one is necessarily concerned with the quality of the other.

Mr. Lynd has collected together a number of the essays with which, as Y.Y. he soothes the readers of *The New Statesman*, and had them illustrated by Mr. Steven Spurrier; Mr. Ernest Shepherd has selected and illustrated a number of Mr. Lucas's essays. Mr. Lynd blows iridescent bubbles which give the teeth nothing to bite on, and Mr. Lucas aims at doing the same thing. But Mr. Lucas is not so "pure" as Mr. Lynd; he occasionally deviates into information, or tells you something you might want to know. Both volumes can be recommended as bed books: to read them you do not need to think, or indeed ever to have thought,

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

THE RT. HON. J. R. CLYNES, P.C.,
M.P., D.C.L., MEMOIRS, 1869-1937.
2 Vols. *Hutchinson*. 12s. 6d. per
volume.

Twenty years ago there was but one opinion at Westminster about the author of these memoirs. It was that, if ever the Socialist Party formed a Government, J. R. Clynes would be at the head of it. The prospect then seemed remote; but after the election of 1923, the Conservatives were reduced to 259; the Socialists returned 191 strong; the Liberals, though numbering only 158, held the balance. The situation was a difficult one: excitement was high; speculation as to its immediate development was rife. Eventually, Mr. Asquith, leading a Liberal Party temporarily reunited, decided to put the Socialists into office. A vote of No Confidence was moved by Mr. Clynes as leader of his Party, and, supported by the Liberals, was carried by 328 votes to 256. Mr. Baldwin immediately resigned, and King George entrusted the formation of the new Government, not to Mr. Clynes, but to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.

In so acting, King George obviously took the correct constitutional line, for Mr. Macdonald was the elected Chair-

man of the Parliamentary Labour Party. That his election was a surprise as well as a keen disappointment to Mr. Clynes is evident from the latter's reference to the matter in this book. The Clydesiders turned the scale (as Mr. David Kirkwood has confessed) in favour of Mr. Macdonald. At the moment (I again rely on Kirkwood) Mr. Clynes "never turned a hair," and his loyalty to the man who supplanted him was described by the supplanter himself as "magnificent" and as setting "for everyone an example so conspicuously fine that no one can fail to be moved by it."

Mr. Clynes frankly confesses that he had felt "a great measure of personal triumph in the fact that in due course (he) might become Prime Minister, and admits that, had he in 1922 foreseen the "blow at British Labour" which his successful rival was destined to strike, he "might have taken another line of action in 1922 which would have deprived him of the power to strike that blow."

This, however, is only one episode though a vitally important one in Mr. Clynes account of a singularly interesting career.

A book of this kind may be judged from two points of view. On the one hand, it tells the story of a career which can only be described as amazing, and reveals a personality of exceptional strength. On the other hand, such Memoirs form part of the historical "sources" to which the historian, a century hence, will turn when he desires to treat an important epoch in the history of England. To that history Mr. Clynes has made an important contribution, and this work will remain as the primary authority on the subject.

As a revelation of character and the story of a career the book may be unreservedly praised. In form it is, indeed, rather disappointing, especially to those who have listened to Mr. Clynes in the House of Commons. As a parliamentary speaker Mr. Clynes was distinguished by the purity, and even

auty of his English. He has the re gift, evidently cultivated with care, finding, almost invariably, the *mot ste*. Of this gift there is unhappily tle trace in the present book rich, in style, lacks distinction. ere is, indeed, one redeeming passage rare beauty. It is that in which ol. i, p. 34) the author describes the rchase of his first book. It was an nglish dictionary, and it cost sixpence the product of three weeks of self-nial and thrift! That dictionary ight Mr. Clynes "magic words." Some of the words" he wrote, "I ved, and these I wrote down more ten than I need have done because the pleasure they were to the eye, d the caress of syllables to the ear. ch time the roll and rush of the ords delighted me more." I wish at space allowed me to quote the ole of this beautiful and touching ssage.

For the rest Mr. Clynes tells the story his life vividly, if not gracefully. d a wonderful life it has been. A lf-time piecer in a cotton mill at ten, d still bearing the physical scars of s work as a child (II. 127)—and the ental scars as well; a "tub-thumper" (is own description) before he was enty; married to a factory lass who s been his devoted help-meet roughout the years, "to whom he dicates the book which 'without r help and comradeship' would have tle to record;" trade union leader and our organizer; Member for a unchester Constituency, with one ort break, since 1906; Food Con-oller in the Coalition Government in e War; Lord Privy Seal and Deputy ader of the House of Commons the first Labour Ministry; Home retary in the second; a strong, nay ter, partisan, yet held in high respect men of all parties—truly a marvellous eer, and the career is almost equally ditable to the man who has achieved and to the political and social system ich has made it possible.

Mr. Clynes has always had the utation of being one of the most derate and level-headed men among



MIDDLESEX Hampton Court, Syon

House, Swakeleys, are some of the great houses included in a survey of Middlesex by the ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF ENGLAND. The book illustrates in detail the wealth of historical interest still extant in the County. Harrow School, Highgate, Brentford, Uxbridge and Enfield are included. The County contains many churches, it is particularly rich in Renaissance Monuments, and it has some interesting mediæval and later wall paintings.

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A concise and informative account of the development and progress of Elementary and Secondary School Education with reports upon technical, commercial, art and adult education and the training of teachers is given in the Annual Report of the Board of Education for 1936. The year was notable for the passage of the Education Act of 1936 and the many reforms in the world of education which it brings. Progress in Nutrition and Health is reported. 3s. 6d. (3s. 9d.).

TRANSPORT IN WAR

The critical importance of transport in modern warfare is revealed in the history of "TRANSPORTATION ON THE WESTERN FRONT, 1914-1918," prepared by the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence. This fascinating story describes in detail the struggle to provide roads, motor vehicles and railways of varying gauge. The volume is well illustrated by a series of sketches, and a separate case of maps is provided.

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the Labour leaders, and though there are several passages in this book which seem to belie it, the reputation is doubtless deserved. But few people will agree with his description of Mr. Baldwin as "always a master at inflaming the emotions of the public." (II. 62). Nor with the suggestion that war will mean "highly paid and pensioned employment" for the "precocious seedlings of the rich and titled" (II. 233). How could a man pen that sentence who had any knowledge of the terrible toll in human life taken, from parsonages and manses, from the homes of every section of the middle classes, during the Great War? Nor will any impartial historian accept as accurate Mr. Clynes' analysis of the *Trade Disputes Act* of 1927. It is rather difficult, too, for anyone who has known the House of Commons in recent years to accept the statement that it is "a case of brains on one side of the House and brawn on the other" (II. 228). Many other blemishes on a deeply interesting book might be cited. Nevertheless, there is nothing in it to negative the belief that the author is a staunch Constitutionalist, and he not only appreciated the personality of the Sovereign, whom he served as minister; he is an unqualified believer in the institution of Monarchy. "So long as the Throne remains loyal to the Constitution, British Labour remains loyal to the Throne . . . If it came to a clash between the Labour Party and the Throne, or between the King and any Party, the Party would be doomed to defeat. We do not wish to invite political annihilation . . ."

There are many other points in Mr. Clynes' book on which I should like to comment; there are many about which I should argue with him hotly. I have only space to add this—No historical commentator in the future will be able to afford to neglect this primary authority; but he must treat it as an authority with the greatest caution, comparing its narrative and correcting its conclusions by reference to other contemporary "authorities," and remembering always that it is

the work of one who has been for long years in the thick of the party battle, and has necessarily seen much of the history of his time through spectacles which are not rose-tinted but green.

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. *A Commentary.* By M. R. Ridley. *Dent.* 8s. 6d.

THE VOYAGE TO ILLYRIA, by Kenneth Muir and Sean O'Loughlin. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Ridley is a pupil in the Bradley school of Shakespearean criticism. To Professor Bradley Shakespeare was an agreeable substitute for life, a way of meeting a large variety of human beings without the discomfort of personal intercourse. Characters in a play or novel may be sketches from living persons, or embodiments of some desire of the author's, or, as with Lear, Falstaff and Don Quixote, images of a profound and universal truth. Criticism which does not discriminate between these three categories has little value, though it may, like Mr. Ridley's, be easy and pleasant to read. The best chapter in Mr. Ridley's book deals with the plays as they were modified by stage necessities. In the other chapters he rambles through the Shakespearean landscape, passing on the figures, with which it is dotted, such comments as these—"Falstaff is, in one aspect, just the complete professional soldier;" "Horatio is the perfect friend for Hamlet;" "Orlando is the not unworthy son of a worthy father."

Mr. Muir and Mr. O'Loughlin, in *The Voyage to Illyria*, understand how Shakespeare should be approached. Their aim, they say, is to judge the plays "by reference to a single criterion . . . the personality of the poet." Unfortunately the Shakespeare they divine in the plays is much more what D. H. Lawrence would have liked to be than what Shakespeare was. Not that he is Lawrence made perfect from the start. In *Venus and Adonis* he "comes down rather heavily

on the side of the angels, as in the moralizing about love and lust." It took him a long time to disentangle himself from the bizarre antithesis between love and lust. One of his false steps was an attempt to sublimate the desires of the flesh in his love for Lord Southampton. But he "was too human to find a complete solution in this relationship," and another difficulty was Southampton himself, who treated Shakespeare badly, and, as a result, figures in subsequent plays in various unattractive guises, culminating in Caliban. Falstaff rejected by King Henry is Shakespeare betrayed by Southampton, and the two parts of *Henry IV.* mark, in the view of Mr. Muir and Mr. O'Loughlin, a period of universal disillusion in Shakespeare's life. Eventually he climbed out of the Falstaffian morass and reached the serene tableland of *Antony and Cleopatra* which reflects "a satisfactory synthesis of the desires and the affections . . .

he had solved the sex problem of his own life. - "I found you as a morsel, cold upon dead Cæsar's trencher" Antony says to Cleopatra, and continues—"Nay, you were a fragment of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours, unregistr'd in vulgar fame, you have luxuriously pick'd out." Later in the play she flees from him and he cries that it would have been better if she had fallen into his fury, "for one death might have prevented many." As he is dying from a self-inflicted wound, his hatred of her is submerged by her fascination, he begs for a last kiss, and dies buoyed up by the thought of his past greatness as a soldier and conqueror. But of the "satisfactory synthesis" there is no hint.

Mr. Muir and Mr. O'Loughlin are on the right road, but they are going in the wrong direction.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

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ITALY AGAINST THE WORLD, by George Martelli. Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.

WHAT NEXT O! DUCE? by Beatrice Baskerville. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

Since the publishers expressly describe Mr. Martelli's book as "The first complete and impartial account . . . written by an Englishman," every reader will wonder whether the author's Italian name signifies recent Italian origins and accounts for his interest in Italian affairs. However that may be, the claim of completeness and impartiality is well justified. The author has allowed not only the Italian but equally the other actors in the Italo-Abyssinian drama due opportunity to reveal their motives and purposes; the reader is left to praise or blame according to his own outlook on history and politics.

The chief actors were the Emperor, the Duce and his generals, M. Laval, the British Cabinet and the British League of Nations Union. Mr. Martelli appraises the conduct of each of them in the affair. The Emperor Haile Selassie was racing to get his barbarian realm sufficiently in line with Western civilization to pass muster as a member of a world system of sovereign States. Mr. Martelli adds his own testimony of admiration to those which he quotes in recognition of the Emperor's great efforts, but makes it clear that Abyssinia, as admitted to the League, was a very recent bit of conqueror's patchwork composed of crude and in the main ill-joined portions. Mussolini, on his side, had a predatory plan, concocted long in advance of the disputes which served him—very poorly—as pretexts. He inherited the plan from earlier generations of politicians, who like himself intended to subjugate Abyssinia either by craft or by force: like Crispi he failed to achieve much by craft, so resorted to force, but unlike Crispi was successful—it remains to be seen at what cost and with what permanence.

France has been, ever since 1860, on the alert to check Italy in the colonial and all other fields, and introduced Abyssinia into the League in 1923, in

order to obstruct Italy's purposes. But by 1935 France (*not merely M. Laval*) was fully prepared to let Italy go forward in Abyssinia in order to conjure the peril of an Italo-German alliance. All through the discussions of 1935 and the sanctions of 1936, France saw Italy's friendship as a precious safeguard, to be preserved even at great cost, and the Abyssinian cause as a plea advanced by an importunate litigant who most unfortunately happened to be on the right side of the written law, and to have got the ear of the British Government. And a steady co-operation with Great Britain was, for France, the one thing even more needful than Italian friendship. Mr. Martelli rightly recalls that the French, forced in time to act for Britain against Italy, though too late for their support to be effective, felt high indignation at being obliged so to choose. He dismisses however, all too lightly (indeed without a mention) the French Communist support of effective Sanctions against Mussolini's Italy: surely on the eve of the Popular Front triumph, and with the Russian Treaty in their archives, the Quai d'Orsay could not be quite so indifferent to Mussolini's flouting of the League as Mr. Martelli suggests. Yet in 1935, at all events, Laval spoke and acted for a united France.

And Great Britain? Mr. Martelli subtly delineates the duplicity in British political purposes since the war, a duplicity which in 1935 could not but become explicit in open inconsistencies. Not that any charge of double-dealing is levelled by Mr. Martelli against his fellow-countrymen: he does but note that

" . . . There was seen a conflict of two distinct tendencies. The one, traditional, inspired by the permanent officials, aimed at the maintenance of Britain's material position; the other unorthodox, but displayed by an expanding volume of public opinion, envisaged a new and better world in which all national egoisms, beginning with Britain's, would be abolished. Between these two currents Governments continually fluctuated."

Mr. Martelli shows Mr. Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Eden, as helplessly constrained to speak now for one and

now for the other British policy, unable to choose between them and unable to harmonize them to anybody's satisfaction. Mr. Martelli reminds us vividly how the Government won the 1935 elections on the "new and better world" policy, only to revert, a few weeks afterwards, to the "traditional" policy with the Hoare-Laval agreement and the shirking of oil sanctions—a policy possibly wise, but in any case different from that which the electorate had approved. Mr. Baldwin has confessed that he did not dare warn the electorate of the need to re-arm: nor did he and his colleagues dare tell them that sanctions either meant possible war, or meant tomfoolery. And Mr. Martelli wisely, though vaguely, draws the lesson that "education of the public" is the chief need of our democracy.

Miss Beatrice Baskerville has for many years been a daily newspaper correspondent in Rome, and has sought to interpret in three hundred pages Mussolini's rise to power, his transformation of political Italy, and his impact on Europe and Africa. She

thinks that Mussolini was planning his war as long ago as 1927; and to support this might have quoted his speech at the end of May of that year, in which he forecast extraordinary happenings, such as Italy's aeroplanes darkening the skies, for 1935. After that, she thinks that he made peace (very much on his own terms) with the Roman Church with a definite view to protecting his rear in a future war, and that he played about with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir John Simon, and, in earlier days, Mr. Eden, babbling of disarmament and whatnot, to turn their attention from his real purposes. She brings out how Mr. MacDonald's visit to Rome in 1933, which the British Premier conceived of as a service for peace, was presumed in Rome to betoken British readiness to do something to satisfy Italian national aspirations. Without such a simple master-plan as Mr. Martelli had in his mind, she has packed masses of information and many essays in interpretation into its variegated chapters.

C. J. S. SPRIGGE.

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WE DIDN'T MEAN TO GO TO SEA, by Arthur Ransome. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

THE FAR DISTANT OXUS, by Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock, with an introduction by Arthur Ransome. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

SNOWFLAKE IN BIARRITZ, by Peggy Egerton-Bird. *Burns, Oates & Washbourne*. 2s. 6d.

TENNIS SHOES, by Noel Streatfeild. *Dent*. 5s.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, by L. A. G. Strong. *Dent*. 5s.

MARTIN PIPPIN IN THE DAISY FIELD, by Eleanor Farjeon. *Michael Joseph*. 8s. 6d.

ELEPHANT TWINS, by Inez Hogan. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

SLIM TAILS and MORE SLIM TAILS, by Mary Chell. *Loval Dickson*. 2s. 6d. each.

To those who take an interest in the production of children's books it is pleasing to note how consistent is the general level of excellence, both in writing and *format*. The hackneyed school story and the too, too whimsy fairy tale have all but disappeared from the market, and in their place we have our Dr. Doolittle, our Mary Poppin and our sturdy Swallows and Amazons, with a host of other lovable characters arriving each year.

In a short review such as this it is only possible to pick out half-a-dozen books that look to be the best of their kind, and I must, of course, start off with Mr. Ransome's new chapter to the

saga of Swallows and Amazons. This year it is the Swallows who have all the adventures, but it is a likely bet that the Amazons are not going to let them get away with it next year.

Of course the Swallows "didn't mean to go to sea." Indeed Jim, the owner of the yacht, had promised an anxious parent that they would spend the night snuggled down in the estuary. As so they would have, if Fate and Mr. Ransome had not sent Jim ashore for a tin of petrol, if the boat had not dragged its anchor in the fog, if the wind had been in a different quarter and the tide not ebbing. But as all these things befell, the children—who knew something about boats—wisely hoisted sail and ran before the wind throughout the rough night until dawn saw them exhausted but triumphant off the coast of Holland.

Mr. Ransome will have difficulty in surpassing this tale, though the saga of Swallows and Amazons go on for another decade. His descriptions of the children's plucky fight on the small and wave-battered yacht is an epic of its kind.

It is under the ægis of Mr. Ransome that two new authors launch their first craft down the literary slipway. Aged fifteen and sixteen respectively, and under the necessity of studying for the Higher Local, they yet found time to write a full-length book, *The Far Distant Oxus*, handsomely illustrated by themselves. Rallying to their slogan of "a book by children, about children, for children," they have, indeed, made a very successful job of their first effort and their story of a pack of children and their ponies on the Yorkshire moors is likely to appeal to a wide audience. I hope that Miss Hull and Miss Whitlock are now launched upon a successful literary collaboration untrammelled by more examinations.

I should like to mention in passing another little book, inscribed *Snowflake in Biarritz* and illustrated by a yet younger writer—11 years to be exact. Written with one eye on the English mistress, but with the intention of making her bosom friends green with envy at her holiday in Biarritz, Peggy

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—I mean Snowflake—" holds our interest to the end."

Turning to more professional fare, Miss Streatfeild, whose *Ballet Shoes* had a well-deserved success last year, offers us today another pair of shoes—tennis shoes in fact. Although I do not think her new story is quite so attractive as the last, it should be brisk demand over the holidays. *Tennis Shoes* paints a rather grim picture of the budding star's career, with its endless coachings, the admonitions of a disciplinarian father and the round of junior tournaments. But lest the reader wearies of too much tennis, the author enlivens her pages with some amusing characters, not the least of them being the ex-trapeze-artist cook, who dishes up the pudding to the cry of "allez-oop."

As may be gathered from the title, Mr. L. A. G. reconstructs the well-known Gunpowder plot with its discovery and horrible aftermath of torture and execution. As a piece of documentation it is excellently done—although I see no reason for giving the story a modern setting with story of the Plot introduced as a dream. Then there is the sequel to *Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard*, written this time, however, for younger children. The stories that Martin relates are just the right length for eight-year-olds to listen to, and the illustrations are quite charming. I would also like to mention two other little books that caught my eye, *The Elephant Twins* by Inez Hogan, and *Slim Tails* and *More Slim Tails* by Mary Chell.

M. MACKEAN.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, by Ernest Hemingway. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
THE WILD GOOSE CHASE, by Rex Warner. *Boriswood*. 8s. 6d.
THE MAN WHO STARTED CLEAN, by T. O. Beachcroft. *Boriswood*. 8s. 6d.
THE WOODEN SPOON, by Wyn Griffith. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

I suppose the Hemingway must come first. It will be the most read, the sort of novel which will make converts and

start new lines of conversation among the bored. It is bad, unfathomably bad. Imagine an interminable third-rate talkie in which the lights have failed but by some trick the voices go on—that is *To Have and Have not*. As a penance, I have read every word of it (thanks to the conversations there are few words on the page). Mr. Wyndham Lewis recently described Hemingway's prose as being "a sort of folk-song of the baboon," and *To Have and Have Not* seems to have been written to prove it. How many years ago is it since *Men Without Women* appeared on the scene? Then we had the same tough Hemingway putting together his stories with sawdust, spittle and monosyllables, but at least a Hemingway who was master of his dialect. Boredom was then made to startle; the idiocies stood out sharp from the page. Then it was the characters who were boring and idiotic, now it is Mr. Hemingway himself. I prefer even *The Postman Rings Twice*

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to the real toughness of an author who succeeds in making an exciting subject dull. Rum-running, machine-gunning, tarpon-fishing, absinthe-drinking in Cuba—here they all are, and as dull as ditchwater. The book has a score of pages which might have been written by a good talkie-novelist—Erle Stanley Gardner, say, or Dashiell Hammet; but I can't see more in it than that.

After a book so terrifically under-written as to be unreadable it is a pleasure to meet even the overwriting of Mr. Rex Warner's *The Wild Goose Chase*. This elaborate fantasy, deriving from Kafka but pointing the moral of the Revolution, I advise every reader to try. It will shake him up æsthetically I hope, as well as politically.

There is a solemn Lewis-Carroll quality about some of the situations, and a Disney-like surrealism about others, which saves the book from the usual fault of fantasies—monotony. Its hero sets out on a bicycle to cross a mysterious Frontier in search of the Wild Goose; at rare moments during his adventures—when he first falls in love, and at the end when the peasants rise in revolution—he hears the brush of wings. We may take it as a parable of the adventurousness which at moments will take even the dullest of us out of ourselves. The moral, as I have said, is specifically political; George (the bicyclist) meets all types of men from the hedonist and the æsthete to the fascist and quack-religious until he reaches a Brave New World in which the whole of present society is satirized. Only in spontaneous sex-love and in the freedom of the masses does he discover a genuine "will to life." One does not have to agree with Mr. Warner's solution—Communism—to enjoy the book. It is

excitingly but rather unevenly written. At its best it has the eeriness of a boisterous fairy-tale. One or two scenes—the surrealist football match and the hermaphrodite university—are brilliantly funny. As a satire on a world in which everything is pre-arranged, even the results of football matches, it is well worth reading.

The Man Who Started Clean is based on an actual case of dual personality. After a motor-accident a man of thirty suffers total loss of memory, and beginning again like a baby—but a baby of adult intelligence—he develops a new character. The doctors succeed in bringing back his old memories; for several weeks there is a struggle between the new man and the old; and eventually the two merge, and the patient is cured, twice as intelligent as before. It is a curious and fascinating problem, treated in a rather humdrum way by Mr. Beachcroft who also manages to give the story a Left bias it doesn't need. One reads it, like a detective novel, to the end, wondering how things will turn out.

The Wooden Spoon is a poet's novel, the imaginary autobiography of an old man sitting down to write about his days. There is a certain amount of pretence, we are too much aware of the old character-actor pausing as he remembers, staring at himself in the glass, thinking perhaps he has had too large a supper. Perhaps one likes this sort of book for its genre—sentimental reminiscence, Wild Wales, the sea, fisherman's legends, the dignity of being poor, a symbolic love affair in youth. For me it is too easy and too unfocussed. Your poets shouldn't write old men's autobiographies. However, it is all very nicely done.

G. W. STONIER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our Contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

Stripped of the nauseating cant in which it has been enveloped through the intervention of "public opinion" the pattern of diplomacy is still seen to *per forsa* woven on the loom of power. And it is the timely lesson of the article on *Germany and the colonies* which the Hon. Harold Nicolson contributes this month.

Harold Nicolson, ex-diplomat, distinguished man of letters, and, in recent years, politician, is the gifted son of Lord Carnock, who, as Sir Arthur Nicolson, played a prominent part in the diplomacy that sought, unsuccessfully, to avert the outbreak of war in 1914. He was one of the junior members of the British Foreign Office, as Legation to the Peace Conference in 1919, and was for three years First Secretary at the British Embassy in Berlin, until he resigned from the service in 1929. As National Labour M.P. for West Leicester he has achieved in a very short time a position of authority in the House of Commons, particularly by his grasp of the essentials of international psychology. There is probably no one with a more consummate knowledge of the delicate strands of the M.G.'s foreign policy, or a more acute perception of the German international character.

As Harold Nicolson says, Anglo-German "friendship" is a snare and a delusion unless it be based on a proper

understanding of the conditions and limitations of power-politics. But, on the other hand, this generation will be surely digging the grave of civilization unless it devises some means of escaping from the jungle. The key to the establishment of an international polity is manifestly the application in some form or other of the federal principle whose operation in the north of the American continent established peace and security in the teeth of the arrogance and jealousy of the States.

Our second article outlines a more immediate scheme for the consummation of federal union in Africa which, in the author's opinion, alone can resolve the problem set by Germany's insistent colonial claims. W. Rees Jeffreys speaks from special knowledge of the difficulties and maladjustments in the particular sphere of transport which arise from the present profusion and confusion of authorities in the African continent. He is the Chairman of the Roads Improvement Association Inc., and has taken a leading part in official conferences on traffic and road transport problems ever since the earliest days of motoring. From 1910-11 he was Secretary of the Road Board. He has travelled widely in every continent, and his ideas for administrative re-organization in Africa, first outlined in *The Times* some years ago, have found a particularly favourable response among French students of colonial matters.

D. W. Brogan contributes another of his brilliant studies of the contemporary American scene. A Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi, Oxford, Denis Brogan first established his reputation by a masterly study (1932) of the American political system, and he is now recognized as a commentator on political vagaries in a class by himself. THE FORTNIGHTLY can modestly claim to have launched him as a writer of occasional essays and articles.

Sir Kailas Harain Haksar writes on the problems of the new India with an authority that derives from some thirty years, distinguished work in connexion with the Indian States. Since 1912 he has been Political Member—and, in fact, guide, philosopher and friend—to the rulers of Gwalior, one of the most progressive of the Princes' territories. He was a Delegate to the Round Table Conferences, and took a leading part in the elaboration of the portentous federal structure of which the testing-time now approaches.

George Pendle writes with knowledge and humour of Greece, with which he is acquainted from residence in Athens and frequent visits. It is just two years (November 25th) since King George returned to take up the burden of the Throne, and there seems no doubt that in General Metaxas he has found a notable personality, not afraid to introduce new ways into a country which is, and will remain, obstinately democratic.

The article by the Editor on Anglo-Irish relations marks the sixteenth anniversary of the Treaty settlement.

Ivor Thomas is a young writer and journalist who has made a special study of Coal and Fuel problems.

The name of W. J. Turner is known more in the field of musical and dramatic criticism than in connexion with politics, but, as readers of *The New Statesman & Nation*, will appreciate, he has a very lively social conscience and a healthy contempt for orthodox political shibboleths.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

The policy of the FORTNIGHTLY to present vigorous and well-informed articles to its readers on every aspect of public affairs impels us, as a rule, to hide our editorial and other lights under a canopy of ink and paper. The sudden and untimely death of our Chairman, Mr. Walter Redman Geering, two months ago, however, has made it imperative for us to elect a new leader to preside at our deliberations, and it is with considerable satisfaction that we announce that the Rt. Hon. the Lord Aberdare of Duffryn has consented to take Mr. Geering's place. At the moment Lord Aberdare is very much in the public eye as the Chairman of the National Advisory Council for Physical Fitness, and it is certainly as a famous player of games—cricket, tennis and rackets especially—that his name immediately springs to mind. It is not our intention to go further, explaining the famous families with whom Lord Aberdare is related and connected, for names inevitably suggest political bias, and the FORTNIGHTLY in the party sense has no politics. But just as Lord Aberdare may be acclaimed as "blue," so may the editor, Mr. W. Horsfall Carter, be described as "blue-grey" slashed with red, like the parrot's tail: but where all are as one on the FORTNIGHTLY front, the only thing that matters is our job of presenting Truth in all its aspects. We live in strange days and it is just as well for everyone that a few reviews should still exist, scorning party "blinkers" and scornful of tendentious comment on the news.

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The fifth annual National Book Fair was like its predecessors an unqualified success. The attraction of so many books so attractively arranged remains as great as ever, and the public obviously enjoys this opportunity of seeing and hearing the celebrities of the literary world. The celebrities and their chairmen are extremely well chosen with an eye to everybody's taste or predilection. The Fair was opened this year by Mr. Winston Churchill, and on the special children's day it was possible to see and hear Sabu, the Elephant Boy, and "Scruffy," the famous film dog. But books, after all, are the main object of the Fair, and it was pleasant to note how well books in their merry modern jackets lend themselves to display. All things considered, we give first prize for jackets to Jonathan Cape, but there are many others equally pleasing in design. A curious fact was the advantage gained by some smaller publishing houses by the limited number of volumes they had to show. Messrs. Boriswood, who have enjoyed three outstanding successes this autumn, had half a dozen volumes repeated over and over again in a most effective way.

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You will have many calls on your purse during the next month, but fortunately at Christmas time it is easy to give. Accordingly we make no bones about it, as they say, and ask you in the name of charity to give some more. Look through the pages at the front of this issue and decide, on Christmas Day if you like, which of the many charitable objects you would like to support. Having decided, ask yourself how much you can afford and then determine to give just a little bit more than that. That is one way. Another is to make the family party decide how much per head they are worth and then adding it all together, draw from a hat the name of one member of the family. If it is mother, then let mother say to which charity the money should be sent.

Under the title of Liberalism and Current Problems, the Liberal Party Organization has arranged a series of most interesting lectures to take place at the Mansion Hall, 26, Portland Place, W.1. Tickets may be booked at 2s. and 1s., and further information can be obtained from the Liberal Party Organization 42, Parliament Street, S.W.1. Two lectures have already been given but on Tuesday, December 7, Mr. Leonard Barnes will talk on Relations with the Colonies, while the three lectures in the New Year are by Mr. R. F. Harrod on The Coming Slump; Professor A. M. Carr-Saunders, on The Problem of our Declining Population and Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree on The Condition of the People.

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The National Institute of Industrial Psychology have been turning their attention to the problem of the beneficial use of leisure. An investigation is proposed of the opportunities for leisure, and the use made of them by workers and their families in districts selected as characteristic of existing conditions. A conference on the Problems of Leisure was arranged by the National Institute and the British Institute of Adult Education at Queen Mary Hall, Great Russell Street on November 18, when Sir Wyndham Deedes, C.M.G., D.S.O., was in the chair.

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A pamphlet on the Pasteurization of Milk—the case against compulsion—has been compiled by L. Loat and published by the National Anti-Vaccination League, 25, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, from whom it can be obtained, price threepence.

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